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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

THE KING OF DELHI.

THE careful reader of the accounts of the insurrection in India will have noticed that the first act of the mutineers, on taking possession of the city of Delhi, was to proclaim the titular Emperor of Delhi actual sovereign of his realm, and to compel him to appear at their head on his state elephant. Of this king, or emperor, who thus becomes the head of the insurrection, we give an excellent portrait below.

His name is Shah Akbar, the third of the name on the throne of Delhi; he is tenth in succession from the great Aurungzebe, and thirteenth from the first Shah Akbar, the Solomon of Delhi. His has been a family doomed to the most thrilling vicissitudes.

His father, Akbar Shah, was born and died a pensioner of the East India Company. Thirty years ago he sent a learned Hindoo to England to plead his case with the British Government, and to beg that he might hereafter be treated with a little less contumely by the menials of the Company; no notice was taken of his request, and the old man died of a broken heart. His father, Shah Alum, spent his life in running away from his enemies. He saved his neck when a youth by running away from the vizier who had murdered his father; he spent several years in running away from the Mahrattas; more years in running away from the Afghans; more in running away from his own vizier; but running too slowly away—he was now old—from a savage Rohilla chieftain, he was caught, and his eyes picked out with a dagger. It was this running Shah who sold his birth-right to the East India Company; it must be admitted that the mess of pottage was handsome; it was no less than $2,500,000 per annum. Mohammed Shah, or Nassir-ud-din, grandfather of this Shah Alum (and great-great-great-grandfather of the present King of Delhi), was the king who is remembered by the defeat he endured at the hands of the Persians and their valiant monarch, Nadir Shah. That is a touching anecdote in his career which describes the ruined king, after sitting silent and motionless for several hours, during the pillage of his city of Delhi, rushing into the presence of his conqueror, and crying, with convulsive energy, "King, spare my people!" It is pleasant to know that the request was granted, though not till several hundred thousand people had been slain, and about $350,000,000 in treasure carried off by the Persians.

Between this Nassir-ud-din and the great Aurungzebe there reigned four or five kings, who were chiefly remarkable for the manner in which they killed each other. The first—Jehander Shah—was an uxurious scamp, who called himself "the King who possesses the World," and disgusted his people by his subserviency to a woman named Lal-kur; he was killed by his nephew, and his body dragged through the streets of Delhi. The nephew, Ferokh-siar, likewise uxurious, had filled his harem with the most lovely women of the East; but one night, as he dallied among them, one fair creature stole her arm around his neck, while another encircled his waist with her white arms, and other traitresses, as if in sport, bade him close his eyes. The thoughtless king obeyed. In an instant there was a flash, a curl of white smoke, a roar of agony, and the luckless monarch strove hard to free himself from the she-devils who held him; but it was in vain. They had seared his eyeballs with two sudden dabs with a red-hot iron, and poor Ferokh-siar suffered that night the same torture, they say, which was inflicted on a certain Edward of England in Berkeley Castle. His cousin and successor was poisoned; and his brother, who succeeded him, met a like fate within a few days after his accession.

Of Aurungzebe—one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned, though he was a usurper, and killed his three elder brothers—of his father, Shah Jehan, "the King of the World;" of his father, Jehan Ghir, "Conqueror of the World;" and of his father, the great Akbar, by whose genius the empire was raised to the highest point of glory, every reader of history knows enough. Even Moore knew something of Jehan Ghir, and of his lovely mistress, Nour-ma-hal, the "Light of the Harem," in whose arms the love-sick King used to seek relief from his splendor, and of whom he wrote—in a rather matter-of-fact strain, it must be admitted—"I may say that the whole concern of my household, whether gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management. Of my unreserved confidence indeed this princess is in entire possession." He was a magnificent monarch, this Jehan Ghir. When his son married he gave the bride a million in money, jewels to the amount of half a million, and a bagatelle of a hundred and fifty thousand a year for pin-money. He died just before the foundation of Boston.

Shah Jehan, the son of this Jehan Ghir, was only second—if second—to the great Akbar, as a sovereign and as a soldier. During the thirty years of his reign he was hardly ever at peace, and no such armies as his ever issued forth from the city of Delhi, before or since. He is best remembered now by his magnificent buildings—the Taj Mahal, and several palaces at Delhi—which still excite the wonder and admiration of travelers. Though he left no debts to posterity, either for his buildings or for his armies; and though at his death there were found in the Treasury, besides a vast quantity of jewels and gold ornaments, coin to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars, and the famous peacock throne, blazing with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, and worth no less than thirty-five millions of dollars; yet it is the universal testimony of historians that his people were never so well treated or so lightly burdened as during his reign. He is the Saint Louis, as Akbar is the Charlemagne, of the Mogul Empire.

Having thus traced the pedigree of the King of Delhi back to the greatest monarch and the real founder of his house, we may return to him—about whom, it may be remarked, very little indeed is known. He must have been born about 1777, while his father was in captivity. He was with his grandfather when the Rohillas blinded him; he shared the sumptuous prison of his father when the East India Company took possession of his realm. From that time to this he has remained a close prisoner in the palace. At his father's death he assumed the title of Emperor of Delhi, which is to die with him, drew his two millions a year from the President of the Company, kept his elephants and a gorgeous seraglio of five thousand ladies, and filled the aristocratic streets of Delhi with a motley group of bawling retainers when he went out on his elephant to take the air. He has been fond of receiving company, but—strange for such a millionaire—he always expects that every visitor will make him a present; and the tax proving heavy, as you can not give a trifle to a King, the Company's servants have latterly discouraged the practice of calling on his Majesty. He complains bitterly of the indignity, and has assured several visitors that he constantly expects to hear that the Resident intends to take away his palace, or his treasures, or his guards, or his elephants, or his women.

THE KING OF DELHI.

These latter, of course, have not been seen by the vulgar eye. But report says that it is the finest harem in the East, and that this old rascal keeps a perfect army of agents on foot to purchase for him the most lovely maidens of India, Persia, and even Circassia. The slave-traders of Georgia have confessed that the choicest articles in their line went by special express to Delhi.

There is one lady there, however, whose story has been told by a traveler, who is neither young nor beautiful, yet who claims no small share of the hoary monarch's love and respect. She is now an old woman, wrinkled, haggard, and blear-eyed, as these Indians soon become under the combined influence of luxury and sloth. To her knees the King has been known to totter—he walks badly now—when the sweetest maidens of the North, freshly gathered into his palace, actually, in their solitude, sighed for the delights of his company; and many a day, and many an evening, would he suffer none but his old friend Lak-ma by his side; for their histories have been singularly linked together.

Half a century, or nearly, since, when the King's father was alive, and the debate between him and the Company respecting his allowance was at its heat, the present King—then a very young man—was one day missed from the palace. He had been half stolen, half seduced away by a neighbor—one of those astonishing compounds of duplicity, cruelty, and treachery that are found only in Hindostan. This fellow, well aware of the anxiety of the Company to get the empire of Delhi as cheap as possible, and of their desire to terminate, if they could, the royal pension at the death of Shah Akbar, had bethought himself that he would assuredly win their undying favor if he could make away with the Shah Akbar's son and heir. By the exercise of a little craft he got him into his power, and soon had him fast in a prison, in a neighboring village. There he determined to let him die of hunger.

In that village there lived a woman who knew him. She, with woman's tact, soon discovered the drama that was being played—penetrated to the prison, and—the story is old—fed him at the cost of her newly born infant. She was discovered. The jailer—cowardly as treacherous—did not use the sword; he merely intimated to the devoted woman that she might continue her work, but that she must deal with the prisoner as though he were a new-born female infant.

Now, in many parts of India, infanticide is a custom of immemorial standing; and the approved method of destroying the poor little babes is to smear the mother's person with opium, so that they shall drink the poison with their first sustenance. This was what was commanded—under terrible threats—to Lak-ma. Doubtless the operation was familiar to her. She complied. The jailer feigned indifference when she next appeared. She was permitted to stay with the Prince as long as she liked; when she left he was in a deep slumber.

Time was precious. At the first of the evening that devoted woman started to Delhi, ran and walked the whole way—some thirty-five or thirty-six miles—before morning; burst into the quarters of an English colonel who was there; told him the story, to his utter horror; and had the intense satisfaction of seeing him start with a body of troopers before half an hour had gone by. The heat of the day did not stop those good men; they rode bravely, making their eight and ten miles an hour, reckless of their horses, till they arrived at the house indicated by the woman; found the Prince still asleep, and stiff; applied the usual remedies, and ucceeded, thanks to the strength of his constitution, in restoring him; and that evening returned to Delhi with the rascally Hindoo, his neck in a halter.

It is but just to add that for this and other mercies the King of Delhi has been duly grateful to the English. He groans from time to time about the power they have taken from him, and the sad restrictions which are placed upon his movements; but when it comes to actual work, he has always been on their side. His influence has frequently been exerted to quell mutinies; and on this last occasion, though he has been placed at the head of the mutineers by the Sepoys, he is said to have labored strenuously to save the lives of all the English who were in his power. It is not likely that he will long retain his present rank. He is old, weak, and enervated by debauchery; it is quite likely that we may soon hear that his son reigns in his stead.

He has been heard to confess that the immense injuries which the English have inflicted on his family, and which, he says, brought his father to a premature grave, at eighty or so, are somewhat counterpoised by the comforts they have taught the East Indians in private life. He sleeps upon an English feather-bed, dines off English plate, sits sometimes in an English chair, and goes out shooting (or used to go out shooting) with a Birmingham gun. Dearer to him than all other English luxuries is pale ale. The dry, close, dusty climate of Delhi at certain seasons parches the throat and renders life almost a burden; at these terrible times, when wine is fatal, cool water inaccessible, and sweet drinks sickening, man turns as a last resort to pale ale; and it does not fail to justify the appeal. Old East Indians declare that nothing else will slake their thirst; and his Majesty, the Emperor or King, who has just rendered himself so famous by being placed at the head of the insurgents, has hitherto been chiefly known to the English as the largest consumer and the best judge of pale ale in Delhi. In olden times, when he saw company, it used to be considered a high privilege to be admitted to his hospitable board. More than one traveler bore witness to the excellence of his *cuisine*, the merit of his various wines, and, above all, the soundness of his pale ale. If report

speaks truth, his Majesty was often carried from the table before the European guests were even warm, and before the Nautch girls had made their appearance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

THE NEWS FROM INDIA.

THE telegraph from Trieste brings the news that every one anticipated; namely, that the mutiny among the sepoys in India was spreading. It is true that we do not yet hear of any outbreak either in the Madras or in the Bombay Presidencies; the fire is smouldering there. But in the great Presidency of Bengal, disaffection was so general that it had been found necessary to disarm the troops at Calcutta and Barrackpoor, and to arrest the late King of Oude. Delhi had not yet fallen, but the insurgents were attacking the besiegers.

There are three points in this intelligence which deserve attention. We were promised the fall of Delhi, and we were told last mail, that though indeed the city had not been taken, the insurgents were dispirited by their frequent defeats, and had more than once turned their arms against each other. The sallies which the British General is reported to have repulsed do not look as though there was any lack of spirit among the enemy. We are further informed that General Barnard was awaiting reinforcements to assault Delhi. This does not promise a speedy capture of the city; as at the present season with a thermometer ranging from 95° at midnight to 120° at noon, it would be madness to march European troops with any thing like dispatch.

The arrest of the King of Oude is likewise significant. It indicates what thoughtful men have long suspected, that the disaffection of the Hindoos did not spring, as the English would have had us believe, from their peculiar superstitious prejudices, but from a deep-seated desire to rebel against the power that is stripping them of their independence. The real cause of the outbreak is much more likely to have been the spoliation of Oude than the greased cartridges.

Lastly, we note that an act just passed at Calcutta had placed the Indian press under the license system. This we presume to mean that that press is to be muzzled during the war, in order that the British public shall learn no more of what is passing in India than is quite agreeable to the Indian authorities.

These points will bear a good deal of reflection.

END OF MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN we argued, some weeks since, that the Surrogate would in all probability deny the claims of Mrs. Cunningham to the estate of the late Doctor Burdell, it was little suspected by the public that before that decision could be rendered Mrs. Cunningham would herself destroy her hopes, and stamp herself afresh with a guilt almost unequaled in the face of this community. But a just Providence has willed that this bold, bad woman should herself, in the last hours of her fearful struggle, defeat her own wiles, and frustrate a plot of which her enormous wickedness and the uncertainties of the law very nearly achieved the success.

We look back, we confess, upon the details of the Cunningham drama with a feeling of unmitigated horror. From the outset—from her first guilty connection with the murdered man to the present hour—the story reeks with loathsome depravity without a single redeeming feature. It begins with the disgusting spectacle of a woman of mature years, the mother of grown-up daughters, voluntarily becoming the mistress of a dissolute man, and residing in his house, with her children, in furtherance of her connection with him; it is developed in quarrels, scenes of gross immorality, keyhole watchings, thefts, and mutual accusations of felonies; it reaches a climax in the horrid murder of the man who was the central figure and pecuniary support of the party; it receives a fresh complication from the triumphant acquittal of the wretched woman upon whom suspicion naturally and properly rested; it is aggravated by her bold claim to her dower in his property; and it culminates in the purchase and production of a supposititious infant as the heir of the murdered man. So perfect a drama, so consistent throughout, so marvelously conceived and wondrously executed, so regular and obedient to the laws of art, does not exist in all the annals of crime. Nor can we find a parallel to Mrs. Cunningham in all the long list of female reprobates from Lucrece Borgia to our own days. The art with which she foisted herself and family upon so penurious a man as Burdell; the astonishing skill with which the mysterious marriage was effected; the boldness of the murder; the amazing effrontery with which she threw herself on the corpse in a magnificent burst of simulated woe; the monstrous hypocrisy with which she declared, with her purchased baby by her side, that "she had trusted in the Lord, and he had brought her safely through;" the killing pathos with which she cried for "her own dear little baby," which she had just taken out of the basket—all this constitutes a picture which gives reality to the most frightful creations of novel-writers. Nature is still, it seems, fruitful of more monstrous monsters than they can conceive.

Our consolation under this shocking development of wickedness is, that Mrs. Cunningham can not well escape the trap into which she has now fallen. The law declares that the production of a supposititious child under such circumstances as hers shall be punished with ten years' imprisonment; and the attempt to commit such a crime with five. Under one or the other head she will surely be convicted. Even five years' imprisonment would be something; at the expiration of that period her temptation to crime would probably be less. But the more exemplary the punishment in such cases as hers, the better for society. We trust that the District-Attorney will prosecute the case with the same address and zeal with which he directed this final imbroglio of the drama.

One lingers for a moment, before dismissing the subject from the mind, to dwell upon the probable future of the children of this guilty woman. She has three daughters, all grown up, and two young boys. We suppose them to be destitute. The newspapers state that the astonishing fortitude and nerve of the girls broke down entirely under this new revelation, that they cried like children, and for the first time seemed overwhelmed by a sense of their cruel position and their mother's shame. They do not emerge stainless from the tainted atmosphere. But the suspicions to which their conduct before the murder gave rise, and the further suspicions which grew out of their evidence on the trial and before the Surrogate, rest upon no well-established fact; they may be groundless and unjust. It is quite possible that these poor girls and boys, with no greater wrong on their consciences than their connection with a guilty mother, may be driven by the odium of that mother's crimes into the lowest depths of want and sin. From that mischance it would well befit some of our benevolent citizens to stretch a hand to rescue them. The prevention as well as the punishment of wrong is a wholesome Christian duty; the prosecutors of the mother might well be the guardians of the poor abandoned children.

DOCTORS DEALING IN DEATH.

YOUR swell-mob man understands human nature perfectly, and profits by his knowledge accordingly. He is fully conscious of the appreciation by the world of respectability, so called; he knows the current value of smooth broadcloth and fine manners, and does not fail to use them effectually to his profit. There are no hands so well adapted for pocket-picking as gloved ones; your genteel rogue will have his fingers on your watch or your purse as he bows himself into your good graces; and while you are admiring his breeding as a fine gentleman, he is exercising his skill as a cunning thief.

It is the swell-mob business which seems just now the most flourishing branch of roguery. It is not the short-cropped, thick-necked, bludgeon-wielding scoundrel, who will dash out your brains and slash out your pockets, that is so much to be feared; it is the genteel villain, who has all the decencies of dress and manners to commend him to the confidence of respectability, and can enter your house without question, that is the most formidable.

We are, in fact, in this country, improving upon the ordinary swell-mob manner of doing business. Our rogues are not content with assuming the dress and airs of the fine gentleman, but they must, forsooth, affect the habits and occupations of the learned professions. You see them not only endowed, apparently, with all the ordinary social requirements of decent society, but with a diploma from a medical college and the membership of an academy to guarantee their respectability.

The medical profession of this city should vindicate itself from the imputation upon its character implied by the fact that a woman like Mrs. Cunningham should venture to propose to two of its recognized members a participation in her crime, and should succeed apparently in the case of the one, while, to his credit, she failed in the other. We are afraid, however, that such a vindication would be more desirable than easy. The facility with which the numerous medical colleges, in their active competition in the trade of manufacturing doctors, bestow their diplomas, is responsible for what no one denies—the low standard of medical professional character. It is a fact that these medical degrees are freely conferred on those who not only give no guarantees of preliminary education, but are even unprovided with testimonials of moral character. It is obvious that the intimate and secret relations of the physician with humanity are such as to give him a power over its greatest interests that no other can possibly exercise. With the disposition to crime and motive to commit it, there are none who have such opportunities as he. Is it to satisfy the hungry expectation of an impatient heir? The professional assassin has only to add a drop or double a dose to effect the fatal purpose, and remove the lingering obstruction to the desires of the instigator of the crime. Is it to remove the approaching obstacle which threatens to destroy the chances of some speculator in collateral hopes? The professional assassin has only to withhold his hand at the opportune moment, or obstruct, with a fatal finger, the source of life, and the instigator of the crime is again in hope. The commission by doctors of these deeds of death is so facile, and so difficult of detection, that we believe the community has little security but in the moral character of the medical profession, and what that security is may be estimated, not only by the conduct of those "under the thumb" of Mrs. Cunningham, but by that of the numerous professional scoundrels who are known to be carrying on their traffic in child-murder with impunity in all our large cities.

DEFEAT OF MR. THACKERAY AT OXFORD.

MR. THACKERAY has been defeated, by a few votes, at the Oxford election, by Mr. Cardwell, a Conservative. Oxford has almost invariably returned a Conservative to Parliament; and it is far more surprising that the ancient seat of Tory learning should have given over 1000 out of about 2200 votes to an advocate of the ballot than that the author of "The Newcomes" and a confirmed radical like Thackeray should have been defeated.

Of course, this only ratifies Mr. Thackeray's attitude as a candidate for political honors. Like Layard and Kinglake, he will derive from his first defeat stamina for future contests, and we may look for his probable return to Parliament within a short period of time. Men like Thackeray are not to be put down; nor can England, at the present crisis, dispense with honesty, boldness, clear-headed ability, and singleness of purpose such as his.

We only refer to the event as an incident in the very remarkable democratic upheaval which is now going on in England. Never since the days of the Puritans has England been ruled by so strongly democratic a sentiment as now pervades the kingdom. Unless this India war interfere, it is absolutely certain that the franchise will be largely extended at next session of Parliament; that the Jewish disabilities will be removed; and that a formidable attempt will be made to put an end to intimidation at elections by the introduction of the ballot. These prospects should be cheering to lovers of liberty throughout the world.

CHAT.

BEAUTY ON BEAUTY.

THE Countess of Landsfeldt, the Baroness of Rosenthal, the Chanoinesse de St. Anne, in a word, Lola Montez, has had verily a harlequin career. Starting a pretty and poor Irish girl from her native Limerick, making her first appearance before the public on the Dublin stage, turning a delicate ankle and balancing a graceful figure with every variety of dip and elevation toward the horizon of an admiring pit of natives; going to France and awakening a fresh sensation, as she flutters her gauze in the view of the *lorgnettes* of the *blasé* frequenters of the Parisian Opera, and finally crossing the Pyrenees, and catching, with a national instinct—for her mother was from Spain—the soft graces of Spanish movement, she appears on the Madrid stage, jingling her castanets and bending and unbending her supple figure in the *Cachucha* with all the lubricity of native ease.

From Madrid she goes to Dresden, where she is installed among the ballet corps of the Opera of that city. On the occasion of a visit of the late Emperor Nicholas to the present King of Prussia, Lola was loaned to the Berlin theatre, to give additional *éclat* to the occasion. Applauded by those before the stage, and admired by those behind it, she became the toast of the city, and divided the admiration with the Russian Emperor himself. On a great field occasion, when the Prussian army was drawn up for a review before the Imperial guest, the King, Queen, and the whole court, Lola appeared mounted on a favorite war-horse of the Prince de Ligne, and upon the trumpet sounding a charge, in mimic warfare, for the cavalry to display its skill, off dashed horse and Lola, far ahead of clattering troop and trooper. She bore herself so spiritedly, and withal with such horsemanship, that she was crowned at once the heroine of the occasion, and was rewarded with a kiss on the hand of the Queen, the flattering courtesies of Emperor, King, and courtiers, and the gift of a silver lance from the regiment.

The Emperor Nicholas himself deigned to invite the heroine to Russia, and she was soon at St. Petersburg, hobnobbing with Czar and Russian grandees. From Russia she, with the usual transitory habits of an actress, goes to Munich, and she had hardly slept off the fatigues of her first night's dance, when, on the following morning at an early hour, an *aid-de-camp* of the King presents himself with a great sealed document and delivers it to her. Lola was alarmed; but on opening the imposing paper found, much to her relief, that it was after all only a royal *billet-doux*. She has an interview with the King; she pleases; she is installed as prime favorite; she reigns, in fact, and her ante-room becomes the road to favor and power. The German revolution occurs; the King is forced to abdicate; Lola sides with the popular party; a political reaction ensues; Lola is now, in her turn, forced to abdicate. From Bavaria she flies to England, and you hear of her turning the head of a young Irish coxcomb in London, and then she is off for America, to California, Australia, the East Indies, and now back again in America, playing here, dancing there, and last week lecturing on Female Beauty in Canada.

Her home, however, is in New York, in Nineteenth Street, where she lives less pretentiously but as comfortably, doubtless, as in a Bavarian palace, and where she is always ready, after lighting a preliminary cigarette, to communicate freely to her visitors her fluctuating experiences of courts and green-rooms, monarchs and dancing-masters, politicians and play-actors. From her portrait representing her as a tall woman with a defiant air, and certain masculine revelations of her history (which prove that she can not only use whip and spur on horse, but man on requirement), you would have a very different idea of the woman from what she really appears.

She has a small, slight figure, and her whole appearance is that of a delicate, nervous woman, somewhat worn by the trials of life. Her rapid talk, the quick movement of her features and arms in conversation, and the bright glances of her large black eyes show, however, that her early fire is not yet extinguished. She has, moreover, an emphatic manner of bringing her lips together with a compressed tightness, which indicates a resolute will to do as she says.

If her accent has still a smack of her native Limerick, her habits, in one respect, are genuine Castilian. She smokes. You see, as she enters the room, hanging from her arm a leathern reticule. You expect, as she takes her seat, to find her fingers at work with familiar spool, needle, and other feminine apologies for labor. But no; that reticule is filled with prime tobacco, and a whole library of those little books, which, like many larger ones, are destined to disappear in smoke. Leaf after leaf is torn away, and dip after dip is made into the tobacco receptacle; cigarette after cigarette is rolled out with a skillful twirl, and smoked by her, and you, and all, almost unconsciously, as Lola chatters and twists away for the general entertainment.

Modern transitions are rapid. It seems but as yesterday when Lola Montez was the especial bugbear of all the courts of Germany, and the general scandal of monarchical Europe, and here she is to-day, lecturing quietly before an American audience—giving entertainment and turning an honest penny.

BORROWED BABIES.

The lately-revealed incident in the Burdell case of the attempt of Mrs. Cunningham to palm off a borrowed infant as her own offspring, naturally brings up to the memory similar frauds that have been committed or suspected.

The present Duke of Devonshire—the lordly possessor of Chatsworth, Devonshire House, Chiswick, and other palatial residences scattered over Great Britain and Ireland, of broad lands, and an annual income of nearly two millions of dollars—is generally supposed to have been a supposititious child. The celebrated Duchess of Devonshire—to whom nature had been so generous and fortune so liberal, who was beautiful, witty, accomplished, noble, and incomparably rich, and was thought to be capable of satisfying each caprice, and gratifying all her ambition—is believed to have been disappointed in one of her most ardent hopes, that of giving birth to a son and heir. The story runs, that after the usual period of conjectural expectation, her ambition was suddenly prostrated by her bringing into the world a girl instead of a boy. She, however, soon recovered from the shock, and, with her usual resoluteness of will, determining that Nature should not thus get the better of her, brought to her aid the cunning of artifice. A friend having at about the same moment given birth to a male, the Duchess persuaded her to exchange it for her own luckless female child; and the son and heir thus obtained and fraudulently presented, is supposed to be the present Duke of Devonshire. The fact that his Grace, who has now reached nearly threescore years and ten without having been married, although he is known not to have been insensible to female charms, would seem to give confirmation to a popular rumor that he is under an irresistible obligation to remain single. It is believed by many that the trick of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire became known to the legitimate heirs, and that, on litigation being threatened on the accession of the present Duke to his title and estates, a compromise was entered into, by which the present possessor was allowed to remain undisturbed on the condition that he should never marry. The whole story, however, though almost universally believed in England, it is but fair to state, is scouted as a ridiculous falsehood in the neighborhood of Chatsworth, the chief seat of the Duke.

The temptations to this fraud must be very great in those countries like England, where the possession of property, rank, and influence depends so much upon the chances of the birth of a male child. In royal families, especially, there has always been supposed to be great danger of deception, and consequently every guarantee is established for security against its occurrence. The modesty of our delicate mothers has been doubtless startled when they have heard of the great array of male dignitaries—archbishops and bishops, prime-ministers and State officers, royal dukes and noble lords—who gather at the earliest sound of alarm, and rush into the Queen's chamber to catch the first cry of the royal bantling, and be able from ocular demonstration to proclaim whether the people are to make themselves happy over the birth of a prince or princess. The neglect of these precautions is thought by many to have cost James the Second of England and his heirs the crown. The English people, in the state of excited disaffection, were prepared to believe any imputation upon their monarch. They had fully made up their minds that the Queen was not pregnant, and that a fraud was to be practiced upon them. When, therefore, it was announced that an heir to the throne was born, and none were prepared to answer for the

fact but those who were supposed to be leagued with the King in his subversion of the Constitution of the kingdom, hardly a single honest Englishman believed it, simply because there were none whose word could be trusted that knew any thing about it. "Posterity has fully acquitted the King of the fraud which his people imputed to him," says Macaulay; who adds, however, that it is impossible to acquit him of folly and perverseness. King James failed to summon witnesses such as the people could trust, and he was accordingly suspected of a fraud of which he was innocent.

Fiction has not seldom availed itself of the contrivance of a supposititious child to further its purposes. We need not remind our readers, so fresh from the perusal of the "Dead Secret" in *Harper's Weekly*, how ingeniously Wilkie Collins, the author, has woven this device into his story, which kept the interest so expectantly alive from week to week.

It is believed by those connected with the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island—the birth-place of hundreds of infants annually, under circumstances where the parental ties are loosely incurred, and, of course, easily severed—that it is not an infrequent occurrence for mothers to yield up their babes to play unconscious parts in deceptions similar to this newly-developed act in the Burdell tragedy.

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *August* 7.

DEAR EDITOR,—We are going on briskly here, and enjoying ourselves greatly within the past week. The Springs have filled to overflowing (I don't mean with water, but with visitors); colonies are established round the large hotels, and each day increases the throng. It has been decided that a good many familiars are not yet to be seen among us; but in their place we have various new and happy faces, all eagerness and curiosity to see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears what this far-famed Saratoga really is. The old, *old habitués*, however, still keep their ground; they would die before they'd cease to come here; and week after week, day after day, they drink the waters with all their accustomed gusto, notwithstanding the assertions of the croakers that the Congress Spring is not what it once was, and that the owners, in assisting the natural supply, are apt to put a little too much salt in it! At such suggestions the faithful, of course, are shocked, and declare "Nothing has happened to the Spring; only the pipe burst; but it is all right now, and just the same as ever." But "just the same as ever" it certainly is *not*, though the difference of flavor may be accounted for on natural, and not artificial principles.

We have several Southerners among us; sociable old ladies, accompanying their blooming daughters; and grimy, Blue Beard-looking bridegrooms, with their pretty young brides. I like to watch these last, with their pale, clear complexions, regular features, and well-rounded figures; their soft eyes looking killing things; their manners so gentle, and, generally, lady-like—though they do sometimes demand their husbands' penknives, and commence a severe scrutiny of their pretty little finger-nails in the public drawing-rooms. Mrs. R——, the mighty lioness of Philadelphia, is once more in her summer lair, and is eccentric as ever; whatever she does, others will do; the populace generally goes with a *rush*. Mrs. T——, who has distinguished herself so greatly among us for the last season or two, by the endless phantasmagoria of her wardrobe, is forced to absent herself this year, much to our chagrin and disappointment. But it was thoughtless in us to have expected her; those numerous toilets must be worn out somewhere, and of course it would be injudicious to give Saratoga the benefit of them again, when we are already acquainted with every breadth and every fold. She is, therefore, obliged to "travel north" this summer; and is, no doubt, doing her best to astonish the natives there.

There is a certain small and amusing rivalry going on between the different hotels; or, rather, between the visitors at each, for the several proprietors themselves are calm and serene as long as they know their houses are full. The United States considers itself the *crême de la crême* of Saratoga fashion; while the Union Hall flatters itself that it is more sociable and lively; and Congress Hall builds its faith on old associations and long-established comfort. The United States is big as a town, populous as a jail, and just about as full of wickedness and confusion. We are here fashionable, very fashionable, but the assumption is paid for by an inroad of persons that "one doesn't quite care to mix with." We have *elégantes* from every town in the hemisphere, and *parvenues* without number. It is here we see displayed the richest toilets, the most extravagant dresses, the biggest hoops, the most redundant flounces. It is here, too, that reserve and exclusiveness are carried to their most dignified extent.

"How is it possible," drawls Mrs. H——, of New York, in a tone of well-bred remonstrance—"how is it possible to associate with *every body* one meets in a place like this? It is quite out of the question!" Mrs. H——, therefore, endeavors to maintain an imperial *hauteur* toward all but two or three members of some good old families;" but she unbends after a short time, for she must talk, and she finds this restriction limits too much the sources of her amusement, consequently she was compelled to chat half an hour yesterday with a certain bearded and spectacled refugee, and she had a very long gossip this morning with the pretty Mrs. M——, who is low-born, but extravagant. Mrs. M—— belongs to the family of the immortal M——, that famous benefactor of mankind, whose combination of harmless ingredients under the denomination of M——'s P——ls have done so much for our internals and for the M—— purse. Some of the results are evident in an unbounded display of gorgeous silks and bewildering laces; and to the latter even the aristocratic Mrs. H—— is seen to soften, at any rate she must inspect them, and that is best done under the guise of a good gossip.

We have also here the well-known Mrs. ——, who, not being a beauty, resolves to be a wit. She works very hard at her reputation, and, by dint of saying the rudest things in the most abrupt manner, and in the loudest voice, is considered to be "quite a smart woman." Then we have the charming Mrs. ——, who is quite a *belle* among those who are no longer in their first youth. She does a good deal of flirting of various kinds, and sings a little—"enough to amuse herself," as the waiter said, the other evening, to some strangers, who, hearing her performance of a simple ballad, inquired, anxiously, "if *that* were the concert which had been so long announced?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mum!" responded the sable Cæsar, with solemnity. "The ball and concert are taking place in the ball-room—*that* is only a lady singing to amuse herself."

This ball and concert, by-the-by, were not such lively affairs as they might have been. There was a slight feud in the house, and the exclusives, who, *entre nous*, are often limited in their means, did not care to join those ill-bred people the ——s, and the ——s, on the occasion; in other words, they preferred being economical; and, avoiding the ball, passed a stately evening in the drawing-room instead.

Well, you see, at the United States there are great advantages in the way of society; if it *is* a little mixed, some of us do not mind it; and others could not appear at all if it were otherwise. What celebrities there are, small or great, generally make it their resort. With such variety at command, you need not confine yourself to rigid virtue unless you like; indeed the agreeable persons belonging to the *demi-monde* who have found refuge in those pleasant little cottages are a great solace to the gentlemen, and in combination with several sable-limbed persons from New York, serve most delightfully to employ a leisure hour. Now, at the Union Hall, where piety and propriety rule the day, this style of thing is not suffered for an instant; and no small excitement was roused lately among its virtuous inhabitants by the discovery and ejectment of a noted member of this fraternity. Morality of every kind used to be practiced in the most rigid manner (there are some ladies, even now, who carry their principles so far as to eat nothing but capon!); but sensible people who wish to secure good attendance and comfort, and not to be compelled to change their dresses more than three times a day, make a point of coming to the Union. Here they can depend upon finding trustworthy chambermaids, a good table, and conscientious waiters, in preference to the black brigands of some other places, who demand "your money or starvation" at the commencement of every meal. Here, that sacred shrine the bar is discreetly placed out of sight; besides, the worthy frequenters of the establishment know too much to trust hotel liquors. Oh, no! they wisely carry a small convenience of their own, known by the name of the Maine Law Advocate. Its argument is generally confined to one *pint*, and I have known the exhaustion of the same to bring an unexpected end to many a pleasant *séjour*. Old gentlemen who prefer their own particular can not get on without it, and, much to the dismay of their wives and daughters, abruptly make up their minds to return home when it is least anticipated, while these poor innocents can not at all make out "why Pa should alter his mind so suddenly."

In days of yore the Congress Hall was wont to be the great scene of gayety and frolic. Many a thrilling flirtation has that fine piazza witnessed; many sweet eyes have beamed beneath it; many tender hands been furtively pressed beside the shade of the graceful creepers that once festooned its columns—but I am growing sentimental. In these days it is not at all ultra in its sayings and doings, but exists as a happy medium, and is as much resorted to as ever.

The only obstacle to our perfect peace and happiness exists in the children, dear little things! who *will* forget themselves sometimes, and cause slight differences of opinion between their elders. I say nothing of their perpetual dinning at the piano, where the bigger girls are always, with much effrontery and wrong bass notes, strumming out their latest musical (?) achievements. If you attempt to move them, their mothers look black at you. Nor do I object to the little dears taking up the best hour or two of the evening with their innocent little polkas and imperfect quadrilles. I love to see them dance, though the wise might urge that, at nine and ten o'clock at night, they would be better in bed. But there are young tyrants among them, and young republicans who resist them, and the consequences are not a little warlike sometimes. At one moment I hear a little despot, kicking his feet against the bars of his chair, shout out to a new arrival, "I say, you come here; I've seen you at Ferrero's dancing-school. What's your name? say!"

The friendship begun in this manner was found to involve subsequent violence, and a meeting between the respective and respectable mothers was the result.

MATRON *No.* 1. "I wish Mrs. —— you'd keep *your* little boy to yourself. Look at *my* little boy's hat! *your* little boy did that! the child's clothes ain't fit to be seen!"

MATRON *No.* 2 (*with dignity*). "I know nothing of *your* little boy, Mrs. ——, and, what's more, I don't wish to, and I haven't been accustomed to be in the house with such as you!"

No. 1 (*sharply*). "This house is a public house, and them that don't like it had better clear out. *Your* little boy comes knocking at the door for *my* little boy at five o'clock in the morning!"

Here the voices rise so high we can not follow them. Saratoga, dressing itself for dinner, is shocked beyond measure at such a Five Points' dialogue, but peeps out of its chamber doors, and shrugs its fair shoulders at "being obliged to encounter such people!"

We are insisting upon gentlemen appearing at the "hops" in full costume. I can not understand why *we* should take the trouble to put on our most voluminous skirts, and most *décolletè* dresses, if *they* won't take pains to dress themselves also. They should be careful though about details, and not do like that worthy bachelor, Mr. ——, who, the other night, fancied himself quite point device, and drew the wrong handkerchief from his pocket, and was flourishing it about with much easy grace when he suddenly discovered it was the colored silk, and not the refined cambric that he had produced; and the poor fellow proceeded to exchange it with much confusion. But that was not quite so disastrous as the lady who left her outer skirt on the floor while dancing vigorously, and did not know it until her partner picked it up and presented it to her! This lively incident happened only the other morning! But I must cease. So once more good-by, my dear Sir.

Yours truly.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

OF A DESPOT.

THERE is no tyranny more cruel than that of types. The composing-stick is the imperial baton that rules the world. The editorial scissors is the true shears of Atropos, cutting up the threads of human destiny.

The foreman of the composing-room is the natural enemy of the author. The wittiest writer, the most learned scholar, yields to him. Human intellect must, spite of itself, be gauged by his column-rule. I am at present a victim to this relentless autocrat. Last week I intended to have presented to the public—who, of course, wait with breathless anxiety for all that I have got to say—some interesting facts connected with legalized thieves. These facts were intimately connected with the previous portion of my article; but conceive my horror when, arriving at the office, I discovered that the inexorable foreman had cut my "Man about Town" in two! and that one-half quivered with a moiety of life in the *Weekly*, while the other portion palpitated in proof.

This explanation being made, I offer the amputated portion to the public, although the wound is yet scarce healed:

ON THIEVES.

Every body has sometime or other seen a panting, wild-eyed man running headlong through the streets with a crowd at his heels, each of whom shouted "Stop thief!" I have seen certain brokers in Wall Street walking quietly up Broadway, and yet no one ran after them crying "Stop thief!" There is a contradiction somewhere in this. Webster, in his dictionary of the Connecticut language, defines "Thief" to be "one who secretly, unlawfully, and feloniously takes the goods or personal property of another." This would seem to be plain enough. Let us see the meaning affixed to the word by the dictionary of society. A theft is there not always called a theft.

If I take a lump of sugar from a grocer, it is a theft.

If the grocer falsely weighs the pound of sugar that I purchase from him, he takes a lump of sugar from me—that is only a fraud.

If I put some poisonous substance into the grocer's soup, it is a case of poisoning.

If the grocer sells me, under some fine name, a material into the composition of which that poisonous substance enters, it is called adulteration of food.

If I take a book out of a publisher's store, it is a a theft.

If the publisher takes a book from me, it is an infringement of copyright.

Why not call a theft a theft? Are we to deal forever with synonyms and paraphrases? It is a positive truth that men are influenced by terms. Certain words have certain traditional ideas attached to them, and if what is now known as the adulteration of food were only once universally called "poisoning," ingenious shopkeepers would be hanged instead of retiring after ten years to a villa on the Hudson.

From one end of Broadway to the other a series of robberies are daily committed. No matter if the thefts be petty in detail, in the aggregate they are enormous. Who would suspect, for instance, a theft in the article of spools of cotton? These are sold at a certain price, labeled as each containing five hundred yards of cotton thread. Unwind a thousand of them, and you will find that not *one* in the thousand will contain more than from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty yards. Now here is a direct theft, of little apparent consequence to the consumer, but of immense benefit to the manufacturer. No one, however, thinks of putting the shopkeeper in prison, though Joe Muggins is sent there at once because he stole a sausage worth sixpence.

Then again in the matter of candles. Buy a pound of candles, say four to the pound. Weigh your pound of candles, and you will always find them a couple of ounces short. It may seem trivial to remark these things, but they are thefts. That is the word.

I discovered some time since an ingenious mode of cheating adopted by some shopkeepers. It consists in placing in the balance with the goods to be weighed a piece of paper, which serves afterward as a wrapper. This paper is fabricated designedly for this especial use. Four specimens which I obtained presented the following characteristics:

SPECIMEN I.

Contained grit in such quantities that I could see it sparkling on the surface. When you wrap no matter what species of goods in a paper before weighing, and by means of certain ingenuity you contrive that this paper in reality shall be a slice of paving-stone, the reader may have some idea of the saving in material effected by the shop-keeper.

SPECIMEN II.

Was of the thickness and weight of cardboard. This was in the form of a box.

SPECIMEN III.

Was a bag of not very thick paper, but in the making the paste had been laid on very liberally, and the edges of the paper where the seams were joined lapped over half the surface of the bag, thus thickening it artificially half its length.

SPECIMEN IV.

Was a loose-grained, porous paper, which when dry weighed perhaps one-eighth of an ounce, but absorbing moisture easily, weighed when damp nearly three times as much. This paper, which was wrapping a quarter of a pound of cheese, was, at the time I received it, saturated with moisture.

The poor are defenseless against these robberies. A few cents are of vital importance to the poor sewing-girl, and yet she is robbed of that much or more every day, the law all the time winking its drunken municipal eye and looking on. Why is Joe Muggins imprisoned for the abstraction of a sausage, and young Hyson, the grocer, who cheats his customers with sanded sugar, sloe-leaved teas, and paper make-weights, allowed to go unpunished? For Heaven's sake let us call a theft a theft, and deal out justice equitably to all thieves!

A FRESH SPARROW-GRASS PAPER.

The season of asparagus has just passed away. The slender green shoots are thickening and bursting, preparatory to blossoming into those airy, feather-like branches that in the season make the kitchen garden so graceful. I confess to a love for this delicate vegetable, whether it be served in its deep, unadorned verdure, whether it be allowed to grow cold after boiling, and then dextrously anointed with oil, and sprinkled with vinegar and pepper, or whether it enters robed in all the majesty of a white and complicated sauce. All men, however, are not so eclectic, as the relation of a little incident that occurred this season at a well-known restaurant in this city will illustrate.

Two wealthy merchants, bachelors, who were respectively named, let us say, Stoggs and Noggs, were in the habit of dining daily at Thompson and Purcell's during the asparagus season. They dined together. Their topic was asparagus. Stoggs loved it prepared with a sauce, Noggs worshiped it when dressed in the simplicity of oil. This debate continued in the most lively manner every day, and they generally decided in which fashion their favorite vegetable would be dressed by a game of chess.

This year, the first day of the asparagus season, Stoggs and Noggs met, according to agreement, at their old quarters. The usual argument recommenced.

"What a shame," said Noggs, "to spoil such a splendid vegetable with that abominable mixture of white sauce!"

"I'd rather not eat it at all than eat it with oil," rejoined Stoggs. "Besides, whenever it is served with oil you eat it all up, and the next day I have to shut myself up in my own room to eat it in comfort—with sauce."

The debate waxed hot. Many pleas were brought forward on either side, but the adversaries remained each of the same opinion still. The question must be decided; so before dinner was ordered the friends determined to settle it by playing three games of chess.

The board was brought, the pieces were ranged, the battle began. The first game to Stoggs. The second game to Noggs. The third game—the conqueror—was played with all the desperate wisdom and foresight which so important an occasion called for. Victory remained between the two. After a struggle of an hour the game was drawn. What was to be done? To play another? Impossible! They were hungry and exhausted. There was nothing for it but to make a compromise. So they summoned the waiter, and ordered half the asparagus to be cooked with sauce, and half with oil.

While awaiting their dinner they tried to forget their mutual disappointments in talking on general topics. The weather was hot—the *bon vivants* exhausted. Suddenly Noggs grew pale, half rose from his seat, and fell heavily on the floor. A sudden congestion had killed him. Stoggs leaned over him an instant to see if he was really dead, then with a gleam of joy on his face ran to the head of the stairs, and cried,

"Waiter! dress *all* the asparagus with sauce!"

Such was Noggs's epitaph!

PIANO, PIANISSIMO.

This is a piano-loving nation. Every body has a Grand or a Square nowadays. None of your many-legged, centipedal anatomies, on which our grandmothers used to strum the "Battle of Prague," but splendid, solid fabrications, enriched with inlaid mother-of-pearl, ormolu, and rosewood. It is also the Promised Land of pianists. Men with long fingers are sure of getting their hands full here; and Thalberg and Wallace can always get their notes cashed for good Yankee gold.

This latter, by-the-way—as if tired of composing operas to which the public are not yet tired of listening—has taken to composing pianos. He has invented, or caused to be invented, a magnificent instrument which promises to work a revolution in pianos. Were I scientific enough to enter into details, I might explain how, by a substitution of a delicate iron frame-work, instead of the cumbrous wooden bed on which the mechanism of the piano usually rests, a wonderful clearness of vibration, and consequent sonorousness of tone, is obtained. Thalberg, who enchanted us all the other evening by a performance on one of these instruments—a Square—declared that, with eyes shut, he could easily have imagined it a grand piano. Doubtless Mr. Wallace's musical reputation will add to the success of his piano; still, I can not help wishing that he would continue to make operas rather than pianos. I would rather see his name on the bills of the Academy of Music than at the head of a manufacturing firm.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. X.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Americans in Jerusalem.—A change of Plan.—Jaffa again.—French Steamers.—A Collision in the Harbor.—The Tancred.—A stormy Passage.—Haifa and Mount Carmel.

Man proposes and God disposes. When I came into town from that last evening on the Mount of Olives who should be in the little hotel but John Hamilton, of St. Louis, and his cousin, one Steevens, as fine a specimen of Wisconsin as Racine can turn out, with two other gentlemen, Englishmen, who had come with them from Alexandria. They had been in the city a few days before while I was away at Nablous, had gone down to the Dead Sea, and were now on their way back to Jaffa, where they were to take the steamer for Constantinople. This is the common and easiest way of visiting Jerusalem. Come on in the weekly steamer from Alexandria, land at Jaffa, ride up to the Holy City, visit Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, and Jordan, and return to Jaffa in time for the next week's steamer up the coast.

My route was laid out to go over to Cæsarea and up the coast to Mount Carmel. We rode out of Jerusalem together the next morning before daybreak, paying the sleepy guard our last bucksheesh for opening the Jaffa gate. Before we reached Jaffa, the temptation to continue our American talk was irresistible, and I changed my plans entirely. You can not imagine the exceeding pleasure of that long talk with old friends. The hours flew by like minutes. Could you appreciate it, you would understand how ready I was to change.

A few directions to Houssein sufficed. I ordered him and all the men, with the baggage and tents, to proceed up to Beyrout by the coast road, passing the nights at fixed places which I named. John and I joined the party for the steamer, to go by sea to Beyrout, for the sake of two days more in their company.

We found the French steamer at Jaffa in the evening on our arrival, and went instantly on board.

The French steamers on the Mediterranean are a very hard class of vessels. Still, in pleasant weather, with the hatches open, and the ladies in good health, the dinner-table is a gay scene, and there is some fun in listening to the good and bad French, the mixed Arabic and Italian, the English, Spanish, and German, which the various lips and throats utter.

The *Tancred* is a miserable fourth-class tub, with no deck-room and the same amount of cabin. The chief officer is the steward, a withered little Frenchman who commands the captain and is sworn enemy to all passengers who are not sea-sick. The bill of fare of all the French steamers is printed and published in a volume at Paris. All *Messagerie Imperiale* steamers in all parts of the world are said to have the same bill on the same days, and as there are some fifty or seventy-five steamers afloat in various services, it is consoling to know that there is plenty of company in the misery of the most wretched food that could be invented for the stomach of a sea-sick man. The nominal commander of the *Tancred* has had a few private dishes of his own on the table every day, which he sometimes divides with the mail-agent, a gruff, gray, tall, thin man, whose lessons of politeness have been learned, and badly learned at that, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The doctor of the ship is a little fellow, given to drumming on a cracked piano in the lady's saloon, and to eating enormously of the vile stuffs concocted between the steward, the cook, and the proprietors of the line. Such is the list of ship's officers. The working master has been in America, and speaks some English. He is a tall, good-looking fellow, and a gentleman withal. But for him I verily believe we should have been utterly used up in the three days' voyage from Jaffa northward.

The morning after our arrival at Jaffa the steamer was detained, and we went on shore, to be called by a gun when she should be ready to sail. We passed the day in looking at Jaffa, which I have before described to you. It is externally both common and unclean, the haunt of Gentiles and Jews who are alike beyond the reach even of the Catholic preaching of Peter. The gun was fired at three. A boat waited for us at the landing stairs. Pushing our way through the crowd of beggars that thronged the platform, we sprang in and shoved off. Steevens, a broad-shouldered man, a capital companion, and an experienced traveler, was by some accident left on the platform, and his shouts reached us just as we were dashing through the narrow channel in the reef into which a westerly breeze was now rolling a heavy sea. Backing all, and swinging in on the top of the wave, we had well-nigh been upset, but another boat astern of us, was in worse condition, for as we went in toward the stairs with the dash of the sea, she shot across our track most recklessly, and we cut her down to the water's edge, and swamped her then and there. Dire were the shouts of the Arabs, and furious the demands for payment of damages, on the principle that we were the charterers of the boat we were in, and liable for her acts and accidents. The damaged owner, with his assistants, laid unholy hands on Steevens, who was quietly waiting our approach, which they had no sooner done than they repented most heartily. For the stout American, seizing two of them by the throat, shook them alternately till they were black in the face, and then kicked the third, the unlucky owner, into the sea. A howl of fury rose from the crowd of all nations on the platform, but no one laid hands on the giant.

THE MONKS OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The terror of Americans which has been produced in all the ports of the Levant by the Koszta affair is very remarkable. The idea has become universal that we are a piratical race, very powerful, and by no means to be trifled with; that if not allowed to have our own way, we will assuredly come in force and burn and destroy every offending city on the coast of the sea. Therefore no American, known as such, need fear ill-treatment in an Eastern port, in public at least.

Steevens leaped into the boat, and we rolled along side the steamer. Rolled, I say, for the sea was short and the vessel pitched at her anchor, so that the passenger gangway was alternately six feet under and six feet above water. No small exertion of skill was required to get on board. You must watch your chance as she came down, leap to the highest possible step before she rolled to port, and if you missed your footing, trust to the Arab boatmen and your powers of swimming. Safe on board at last, the usual row with the boatmen about the pay followed, and was ended by tossing a handful of Turkish copper into the bottom of his boat, which only served to elicit louder demands for more, inaudible as we dove down the companion-way to the dinner-table.

A melancholy row of empty seats there were that day at dinner, for the sea was heavy, and the smell of the oil most vile. All night we tossed and pitched along, and all the next day and the next night, by the port of Cæsarea and the coast of Holy Land. Once we put back. At times our situation was critical and alarming. We lay to twenty hours, and it was noon of the third day before we reached the lofty bluff of Mount Carmel, and passing it, ran into the port of Haifa, which lies at the outlet of the River Kishon and the Plain of Esdraelon.

Acre, known to fame, lies at the northern extremity of the bay, of which Mount Carmel is the southern side. The entire bay is open to northwesters. Haifa, or Caipha, is the modern village which has taken the place of Saint Jean d'Acre, known in the times of the Crusades as Ptolemais. The village is a small, dirty, and filthy place, and possesses no interest except as the probable point which will one day be connected with Jerusalem by rail, if there be ever a railway laid in the Holy Land.

Acre, ruined and desolate, stands on the seashore in solemn and stately grandeur. There is an interest that no words can convey an idea of always clinging to such a spot. From early Christian days this spot was regarded as the key of Palestine; and, indeed, long before the days of Christ the Plain of Esdraelon, which here finds outlet to the sea in the waters of the Kishon, was celebrated as the battle-field on which the nations who invaded Palestine conquered or were defeated. Here Sisera, in the ancient years, was driven to flight, and here Napoleon, but yesterday as compared with the other, with a small troop of men, conquered a host of dusky foes. There has not been a century, for three thousand years, in which there has not been some battle fought on the plain near Acre. The old city seems to know the splendor that hangs around her decay, and sits as proudly in the sunshine as if throned as of old and surrounded with stout guards in flashing armor.

There is never any thing so very bad that some good may not come out of it. Even François, the steward of the *Tancred*, did us good when he intended our hurt. He had a sharp eye to his provision lockers, and always warned his passengers to stay on shore when he could thereby save a few mouthfuls of dinner.

"The steamer will not leave Haifa till to-morrow!"

This was announced as we were going down the ladder into a boat to go on shore.

"And why?"

"There's a Turkish Pasha coming on board with his family, and he has paid extra to have the steamer wait a day!"

"And we must wait his pleasure? Is that the style of business on a French steamer?"

"If Monsieur wishes to complain, there is a complaint-book in the cabin; but perhaps Monsieur will save himself the trouble, and have more time to go to Mount Carmel."

The idea was good, and we improved it by visiting the convent on the mountain, where they preserve the memory of Elijah and Elisha.

I have not space, nor you patience, to listen to details of this visit.

HAIFA AND MOUNT CARMEL.

It was a long and pleasant day, climbing the sides of the hill, visiting the old monks in their mountain-home, where they rest in calm, looking out over the tossing sea; and then, when we saw a cloud, somewhat larger than a man's hand, on the western horizon, hastening helter-skelter down hill, more furious than Ahab, and not so fortunate; for he escaped the tempest, but we got soaked and drenched long before reaching Haifa, and came on board ship in the evening fit subjects for the Royal Humane Society.

GENERAL WOLFE'S VESSEL.

WE present our readers below with a picture of a ship which is well entitled to the admiration of the world. She is nothing less than the *William and Ann*, the very ship in which General Wolfe sailed to Quebec, in the year 1759.

She then belonged to the Royal Navy, and was a fine, new, crack frigate. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, had, for some time, command of her, and thought well of her sailing qualities. At the battle which preceded the scaling of the plains of Abraham she did good service, and her guns (some of which are on board of her still) told with severe effect upon the town.

After the close of the expedition she returned to England, and for some years bore an active part in the naval history of England. From some reason or other she does not seem to have had an opportunity of winning for herself such fame as awaited the *Victory*, or some other of England's famous ships; but we are given to understand that she fought in every quarter of the globe.

On one occasion, we believe, she was taken, while lying in a Mediterranean port, by some of the Algerine pirates of fifty years since. It seems that the captain was ashore; a number of the crew, fatigued by their long cruise, tricked the officer of the watch, and got ashore for a "spree;" during their absence the brave old ship was boarded by the pirates, her anchor weighed, and sails set for sea. When the captain put off in his gig to go on board for the night, he rowed half over the harbor without finding her. Next morning, at daybreak, perceiving that she was gone, he blew out his brains in despair. Happily the second lieutenant was a man of more nerve; he fitted out a fast-sailing fishing-craft, and made directly for the nearest African port.

It so happened that the Moorish Bashaw, or Pasha, had laid himself under obligations to the captain of this very vessel—the Pasha having, not many weeks before, been entangled in a very troublesome quarrel with a Danish man-of-war, and having only escaped an unpleasant affair through the intercession of his English friend. On the arrival of the lieutenant, the Pasha heard his story with characteristic phlegm; when it was done, the lieutenant was seized by the Moorish soldiers and thrust into prison.

The unhappy Englishman began to wish he had left the frigate to her fate. The prison was hot—the fare was poor. Day after day elapsed, and no word of release came. To all entreaties from his captives the Bashaw opposed a sarcastic smile. At length, after over a week's captivity, the soldiers suddenly appeared, seized the Englishmen, and dragged them forth—as they began to fear, to their execution.

What was their delight on seeing the old frigate riding proudly in the bay? The Pasha met them, and accompanied them on board. The first sight they saw was the dangling corpses of about two score Moors, hung in a beautifully-symmetrical fashion from the yards.

"Englishmen," said the Pasha, "are you satisfied?"

"Oh! perfectly," said the lieutenant, who hardly knew what he was saying.

"There are a few of the rascals left, who shall take their place with the others, if you like."

The Englishman declared that he desired no more victims, and the old frigate resumed her place in the navy of Great Britain.

She was present, we believe, at more than one of Lord Nelson's battles, and many a brave Englishman poured out his life-blood on her decks.

During the long peace, and when the reform in ship-building took place, she was among the discarded, and was sold, for a song, for the merchant-service. She was, said the Admiralty engineers, a mere old hulk. They were as right as usual.

Fifty years afterward, or nearly as much, the brave old *William and Ann* plies her business as safely and as profitably as ever. She is built of stout white oak, which, even at this late day, shows not the least sign of decay or age. Her planking is comparatively new, having only lasted seventy-eight years. Judging by our modern standards, she wears a lubberly look, and hardly looks as if she could sail at all; her blunt bow and round lines remind one of a canal-boat; but her captain and chief owner, Mr. Magram, testifies that she has few superiors with a fair fore-and-aft breeze. As to duration, she looks as though she might last another hundred years.

There is but little about her to tell the strange, eventful story of her life. There are no blood-stains, no trophies, no pieces of metal let in here or there to acquaint the stranger that here outpoured the life-blood of an English hero. There are some curious old cannon, some droll carabines, and queer pistols, which may have been fired a hundred years ago at the siege of Quebec, or eighty odd years ago, during our Revolutionary war, when she played an ugly part on the coast; and there is something in "the cut of her jib" which forces upon the memory the grand old days of our grandfathers, and the era of great naval deeds. But, in general, the fine old ship tells few tales. She came here with a load of pitch-pine from Savannah, and we are very much afraid that, like the old race-horses, she now figures somewhat as a hack in the merchant-service. Still, it is no slight gratification to have seen the very ship which carried Wolfe to Quebec, and trod the very plank on which his foot rested as he planned his immortal exploit.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

WHEN the star of love was shining
  In the golden summer eve,
A maiden, softly smiling
  On the garland she did weave,
Stood in the dewy light,
Nor watched the coming night;
For the star of love shone bright
  When you and I were young.

And the gentle smile grew softer,
  And the fingers idly wove,
For she knew the voice beside her
  Had no other tone than love.
And the happy tears would rise
In the maiden's pleasant eyes,
As she looked into the skies,
  When you and I were young.

Long years have cast their shadows
  Since you and I were young,
But the untried love I pledged thee
  Is pure as when it sprung;
And thy wrinkled brow as fair,
And thy pleasant eyes as clear,
And thy loyal heart as dear,
  As when you and I were young.

The sun is fast departing,
  And the autumn leaves are sere,
And the wintry twilight gathers
  On the silver of thy hair.
But I hold thy hand in mine,
And the star of love will shine
In the darkness, till the time
  When we reach the Happy Clime,
  And we again are young.

LITERARY.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAWING, in Three Letters to Beginners, *by John Ruskin, M.A.*, with illustrations drawn by the author. New York: Bangs Brother & Co.

Messrs. Bangs do well to import this book, and sell it at a price which is so small that all American art-students, male and female, young and old, can have the benefit of the teachings of the apostle of high art in England. Ruskin has gone mad, but his madness is precisely the right kind for the instruction of beginners in art. Pre-Raphaelitism we recommend by all means to those who are commencing their studies, so far as relates to its minuteness of detail, carefulness of execution, and strict adherence to copy, whether the copy be nature or a fancy of the workman.

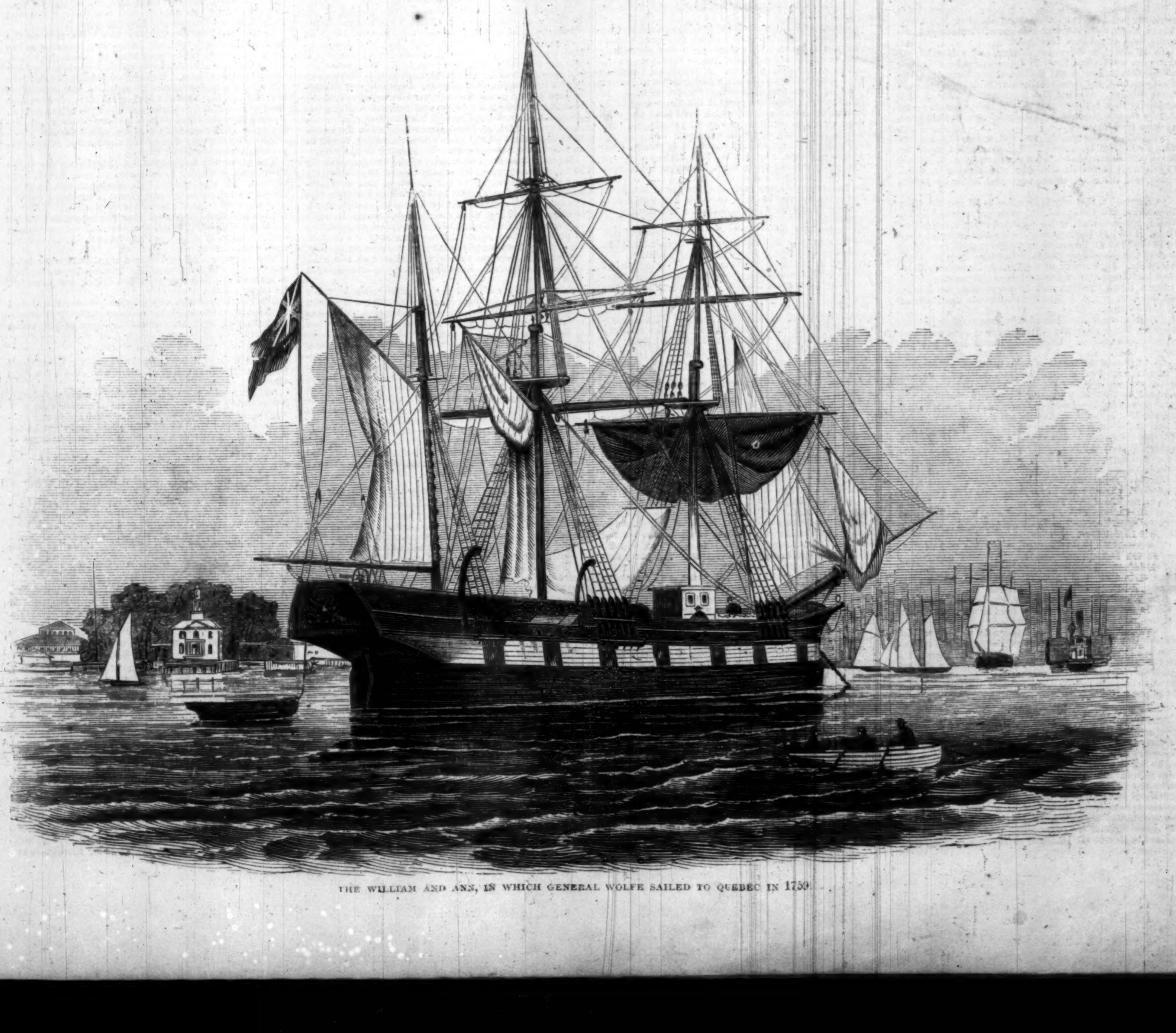
These Three Letters of Mr. Ruskin are—1. On First Practice; 2. Sketching from Nature; 3. On Color and Composition; with an Appendix on things to be studied. There is much that is dictatorial in the rules laid down by this gentleman; whose affliction it has of late been to imagine that Art died with Turner, and that Ruskin is the prophet of its resurrection. But this same dictatorship is all the better for the students for whom the book is especially intended. In illustrating some directions by an extract from one of Albert Durer's wood-cut drawings, of which he gives a copy, he says: "If you have not time to draw thus carefully, do not draw at all—you are merely wasting your work, and spoiling your taste." This edition of the work is especially valuable for the wood-cut illustrations, which Mr. Ruskin has carefully drawn and superintended. The earlier impressions possess all the characteristics of Durer and others whom he has copied, and are especially valuable on this account. The book is a very thorough system of lessons, containing the most minute instructions to beginners; and coming from one who, notwithstanding his peculiar mania, is unquestionably as well fitted to give instruction as any living man, it demands a place immediately in all schools and public institutions where drawing and painting are taught.

MORMONISM: ITS LEADERS AND DESIGNS, *by John Hyde, Jun.*, formerly a Mormon Elder, etc. New York: W. P. Fetridge & Co.

If the people of the United States do not become well acquainted with their troublesome neighbors in Utah, it will not be for want of books about them. The present volume professes to be, and probably is, a true account of society and religion as it exists among the Mormons. It deals in names and personal histories; and if the Mormons believe in libel suits, it would afford tolerably good ground for some scores of actions by men and women whose acts and motives are abundantly abused. Any one interested in knowing who and what are the chief men, who their wives, how they came to marry, and who have wanted to marry such men as Brigham the Great himself, but have been rejected by him on the ground that his family is large enough—in short, any one inclined to hear the gossip of the Salt Lake City, will find it here.

A HISTORY OF ROME, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire; with Chapters on the History of Literature and Art, *by Henry G. Liddell, D.D.*, illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The learned Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, has given us a compendium of Roman History which has left nothing to be wished for. Clear, intelligible, and eloquent, avoiding diffuse episodes, philosophical in arrangement, and well judged in brevity where briefness was a virtue, it is safe to say that it supplies schools, and institutions of education generally, with a text-book that they have long needed, and will hereafter find it impossible



THE WILLIAM AND ANN, IN WHICH GENERAL WOLFE SAILED TO QUEBEC IN 1759.

to do without. But it is not alone for school purposes that the work is valuable. As a complete history it is useful to all libraries and all readers; but it is farther made valuable by an index, so complete and perfect, that we have no doubt it is the best extant reference book for any fact relating to Roman history.

It is published in uniform style with "The Student's Gibbon" and "Smith's Greece," the three works together forming a complete History of Greece and Rome, from the earliest ages to the fall of the Eastern Empire. They will be found an acquisition to every private collection, excellent companions to the readers of classical works, and especially deserving the attention of teachers in schools and colleges. The illustrations in all of them are of the most valuable and useful sort, being chiefly accurate copies of coins, medals, and relics of antiquity, over which the most careless eye lingers with devout interest.

THE ROSE OF ASHURST, a Novel, *by the Author of* "Emilia Wyndham," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No. 206 of the "Library of Select Novels." Mrs. Marsh is certain of readers. She outlines character with a free and clear pencil; not with the minuteness of detail that Mr. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelities would demand, but boldly and with consummate skill. In general interest this last excels many of her former novels, and equals, if it does not surpass, her best. There is more of life and less of thought, more action and less scenery, than in "Aubrey," "Father Darcy," and others. No one who thinks to pass a pleasant afternoon in reading the book will be disappointed, and no one who opens it will leave it unfinished.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE DISPUTE WITH VENEZUELA.

IT is reported that the pending dispute with Venezuela is on the point of being settled on the basis of Mr. Eames's last demand. Venezuela, it would appear, is to pay the Shelton guano claim. Mr. Eames has not resigned; but, enjoying the entire confidence of the President and Cabinet, will shortly return to Venezuela.

THE DISPUTE WITH THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

Captain Armstrong, of the United States ship *San Jacinto*, reports that an apology has been made by Sir William Haste, commanding Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Spartan*, for the insult offered our Government by pulling down the American colors on board the American bark *Henrietta Maria*. The injury is yet a matter for consideration by the two Governments.

FAILURE OF THE NORTHERN WAGON-ROAD EXPEDITION.

It appears that the failure of Colonel Nobles's Northern Wagon-road Expedition is owing to a dispute between Colonel Nobles and the Secretary of the Interior about money. Mr. Thompson, it seems, gave the Colonel no money, but told him the department would pay his bills. At first no one would trust the Government, and Colonel Nobles could get no supplies; and when, by great exertion, the Colonel succeeded in obtaining some provisions on the credit of the Government, Mr. Thompson refused to pay for some dried codfish on the ground that it was a luxury! Thus the expedition has been brought to a stand. Rumor says that Colonel Nobles is to be superseded.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

State elections have taken place in six Southern States since our last, to wit: in Missouri, in Alabama, Kentucky, Texas, North Carolina, and Tennessee. No complete returns have as yet been received.

In Missouri, a Governor, Judges, and a Member of Congress were voted for. The candidates for Governor were Stewart, Democrat; Rollins, Know Nothing, Benton-Democrat, and Emancipationist; Welsen, Whig. Returns from fifty counties give Rollins a majority of 4721, and it is now believed that he has been elected. Last fall the State was carried by Polk, anti-Benton Democrat, by over 5000 votes.

In Alabama the contest was not warm, the preponderance of the Democrats being so decided that the Know Nothings made but little resistance. A. B. Moore, Democrat, was elected Governor almost without opposition, and the other offices were also taken by Democrats.

In Kentucky, the only State office to fill was the State Treasurer; ten Congressional seats were also vacant. The Democrats seem to have carried every thing before them. From present appearances it looks as though they had elected their Treasurer by 10,000 majority, eight or nine of the ten Congressmen, and a majority of the State Assembly. In the city of Louisville, Humphrey Marshall had a majority of some 1100 for Congress.

From North Carolina and Texas we have no details, but we hear generally that the Democrats have carried all before them.

The Democrats seem likewise to have carried Tennessee by a large majority. They have elected seven or eight Congressmen. Complete returns have not yet come to hand.

On 3d instant the people of Iowa voted upon their new Constitution. Full returns have not come to hand, but from present appearances the Constitution has been adopted by full three thousand majority. We do not hear how it has fared with the clause in the Constitution restricting the suffrage to white people.

At the election in Lawrence, Kansas Territory, the Topeka Constitution was affirmed by a vote of 652 to 2 against it, and the Free-State minor officers were elected. The apportionment for the October Territorial election has been made. It is said that nineteen counties have *three* representatives, and fourteen counties have *thirty-six*. Troops are to be detailed to guard the officers at the election. The emigration of this year is not to vote. Governor Walker turned over the job of making the apportionment to the President and Speaker of the first Legislature.

The American State Convention of Ohio met at Dayton on 5th instant, and nominated Colonel Van Trump for Governor. The Democratic State Convention of the same State met on the following day at Columbus, and nominated H. B. Payne for Governor.

The National American party of Massachusetts has called a State Convention, to be held in Chapman Hall, Boston, on the 10th of September.

Correspondents at St. Paul, Minnesota, writing on 31st ultimo, state that the Democratic Constitutional Convention had organized at last, and that both the Democrats and Republicans were hard at work perfecting the organic law of the Territory. So far nothing had transpired to indicate the character of the Constitutions about to be put forth.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. James C. Dobbin, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, died at his home at Fayetteville on 4th inst., at the age of forty-three. It may be doubted whether any other Secretary of the Navy ever became so popular in the service as he, or was followed in his retirement by such sincere regrets. Mr. Dobbin was little known until he entered the Cabinet of President Pierce, although he had previously served a term in Congress. During his administration of the Navy department he was distinguished by the boldness of his attacks on long-standing abuses, and the earnestness of his recommendations for reforms calculated to elevate the standard of the American Marine. When he entered upon his duties he found it almost impossible to obtain men to man the national ships. Looking for the cause of this difficulty, and a plan of relief, he soon saw the necessity of holding out to the sailor some encouragement, in the way of more pay, better treatment, and rewards for long and faithful service. His recommendations to that effect were, in part, adopted by Congress, and the result is an abundance of seamen, of a much better class than were found on board our national ships four years ago. To corporeal punishment he was always decidedly opposed, and to his earnest and unyielding hostility to every effort for its restoration the navy is indebted for the fair trial which the experiment of its abolition has received. Among the noblest marks which he left behind him are the six new steam-frigates, authorized upon his suggestion, and constructed under his direction. The fulfillment of the order of Congress in that connection was to him a matter of deep concern, and he gave it the most careful personal attention. No detail of the models or plans proposed escaped his attention. In manner, Mr. Dobbin was exceedingly affable. His amiability of disposition won all who were brought in contact with him; and even those officers who were most aggrieved by his agency in the establishment of the Naval Retiring Board, never failed to speak of him with profoundest respect. During the last year of his public service he was troubled much by a bronchial affection, resulting in complete loss of his voice. He was urged by personal friends to retire from labor, and seek relief in a more genial clime; but his earnest desire that the Cabinet of which he was a member should remain intact until the expiration of the Administration impelled him to remain at his post, until, as the result proves, it was too late.

Hon. Thomas J. Rusk, United States Senator from Texas, has committed suicide. He was a native of South Carolina, and was born in the Pendleton district in December, 1803. He was, therefore, in his fifty-fourth year at the time of his death. In 1824 he settled in Georgia, and eleven years later (1835) removed to Texas. He took a prominent part in the revolution, commanded a company of volunteers, and as a mark of the appreciation in which his services were held, was appointed Inspector-General of the Texan forces. In 1836 he was named delegate to the Texan Convention, and received from that body the appointment of Secretary at War. When intelligence was received that Santa Anna was crossing the Brazos, instead of imitating the reported pusillanimous conduct of the rest of the Cabinet, who sought their safety in flight, General Rusk hastened to General Houston, and by his presence and counsel aided greatly in the success of the commander-in-chief's operations. At the passage of the Bayou—that critical moment for the fate of the Texan forces—these two gallant men distinguished themselves for the coolness and self-possession with which they encountered the perils with which their little army was menaced. It is well known that General Houston had such confidence in the judgment of General Rusk, although the latter was no soldier, that he submitted to him the plan of the battle of San Jacinto. The latter said in a moment that no improvement could be made in it, and delighted Houston by his warm approval of it. It was General Rusk who related the interesting incident which occurred between General Santa Anna and young Zavala, after the capture of the former, and in which Santa Anna stooped to the meanness of shedding tears of simulated delight at meeting the son of his early friend—the venerable supporter of Texan independence. On the annexation of Texas to the United States he was elected a member of the convention to frame a State Constitution, and presided over the deliberations of that body. He had the honor of being elected one of the two first United States Senators from Texas, and in 1850 was re-elected for six years, from March, 1851. He took an active part in the debates of the Senate, and as Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Roads, distinguished himself by his practical views and prompt perception of the difficulties of the questions brought up for discussion. After Mr. Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency at the Cincinnati Convention, the delegates of the State of Maine nominated Mr. Rusk for Vice-President. The chairman of the delegation from Texas, however, withdrew his name, on the ground that he was reserved for something better. Senator Rusk was justly esteemed one of the ablest men of the Democratic party, and was thought of several times for the Presidency.

The President intends leaving Bedford Springs for Washington at an early day. His health and spirits are buoyant.

Ex-Governor Wright, on the eve of departing for Prussia, was waited upon by a person who, falsely representing he was General Cass's messenger, and pretending that he was short of funds to return to Washington, obtained relief for that purpose. A friend of Governor Wright, who called at the State Department to recover the amount, as promised, discovered the swindle.

Hon. Henry C. Murphy arrived at Washington on 27th, to receive final instructions, which have been prepared for him, previous to his departure for the Hague. He sails from New York on the 15th instant.

Ex-President Pierce and lady have taken rooms at the Rockingham House, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and will probably remain there for a month or two. Mrs. Pierce is yet in a feeble state of health.

His Excellency James Pollock, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, was to have delivered a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburg on the 6th instant.

The widow of Henry Clay is seventy-six years of age. Until within a year she has been in hearty good health. Her feebleness is now, however, growing manifest.

General Henningsen passed through Washington last week—it is supposed to join General Walker. His movements may have some bearing on the departure of the *Tennessee*.

The Hon. Thomas L. Harris, a Democratic member of Congress from Illinois, has been attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, and at the last advices his recovery was deemed doubtful. He was re-elected last Fall.

We have a report that the health of Joshua R. Giddings is so feeble that he will probably not be able to take his seat in the next Congress.

President Buchanan has given fifty dollars to the Mount Vernon Association.

Among the passengers by the steamer *Indiana*, which sailed on Wednesday, were the Rev. Dr. Black, from the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Bishop William Nast, of the Episcopalian Church, delegates to the Evangelical Conference to be convened in Berlin, Prussia, on September 9.

A. C. Bullitt, Esq., of the New Orleans *Picayune*, left for Europe on Saturday, in the steamship *Atlantic*. Mr. B. is accompanied by Mrs. Irene Smith and Miss Williams, of Louisville, and Dr. S. E. Sheppard, of this city. They will visit the principal countries of Europe and Greece, Nubia, and the Holy Land, during which Dr. Sheppard will make a collection of curiosities for the Christian University of Missouri, in which he will fill one of the professorships on his return. The party contemplate being absent two years.

Archibald Campbell, aged 101 years, and an active participant in the revolutionary war, died in Greenbrier County, Virginia, on Monday, the 20th ult. The Lewisburg *Chronicle* says: "We believe we have now in Greenbrier no witness of those eventful times that tried men's souls, to relate the many hardships of that memorable period. With Archibald Campbell, the last of the noble Romans of '76, residents of Greenbrier County, have passed away. None now are left to tell the tale of our early struggle for liberty."

Ex-President Pierce has accepted an invitation to attend the United States Agricultural Exhibition at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 1st of September next.

Señor Robles (the Mexican Minister), General James Shields, and several other distinguished gentlemen, were lately seated around a dinner table in Washington. The wine having flowed pretty freely, General Shields was called up and gave in glowing colors the incidents immediately connected with his being wounded with a grape shot in the Mexican war. He closed by saying he could never forget the appearance of the officer who gave the command to fire. He was the last object he saw before falling, and he should recognize him if he should ever see him again. Señor Robles, who had listened with intense interest at the recital, slowly rose from his chair and asked him if he recognized in him that officer; "for," said he, "I gave the command to fire." The effect of this announcement can be better imagined than described. Since then the gallant hero of Chepultepec and General Robles have been particular friends.

The Hon. Rufus Choate has been selected as Orator before the Alumni Association of Dartmouth College for next year, and the Hon. George P. Marsh of Burlington, Vermont, as substitute.

Arthur W. Fletcher has been removed from the Interior Department to make way for Mr. Charles Lanman.

A correspondent writing from Gallatin, informs us of a personal difficulty between Messrs. Rollins (K. N.) and Stewart (Administration) at that place. It grew out of the discussions between them, aggravated, probably, by the fact that the same parties had to go over nearly the same line of assertion and argument almost every day. Colonel Stewart had, it seems, made his speech, and taken his seat on the platform. Major Rollins commenced his, and was proceeding with it, when he made some assertion which Colonel Stewart denounced as false. Thereupon, it is said that Major Rollins struck Colonel Stewart two blows while the latter was in a sitting posture.

Judge Mason, in reply to the letter of kind expression and good wishes from the gentlemen employed in the Patent Office, on his retiracy as Commissioner, says: "It is now a source of unalloyed satisfaction in reviewing the past, to reflect that, so far as my knowledge and recollection extend, nothing like an angry feeling has been excited in my official or personal intercourse either with the multitudes of anxious, interested, sensitive inventors, or with those with whom my relations have been more frequent and intimate in the daily transactions of business."

The *Pennsylvanian* says that an attempt was made to appease Colonel Forney by the office of the Liverpool Consulship, which should be *made to him* worth $25,000 per annum, $10,000 to be paid in cash. The sum beyond the legal salary of the office was to be modestly vailed under the name of compensation for newspaper correspondence. This would make $100,000 for the four years of Mr. Buchanan's administration, and it was refused.

At Shelter Island, New York, 22d of July, by Rev. Daniel Lord, Eben Norton Horsford, Rumford Professor in Harvard College, was married to Phœbe Dayton, daughter of Samuel S. Gardiner, Esq.; also George Martin Lane, University Professor of Latin in Harvard College, to Fannie Eliza, youngest daughter of Samuel S. Gardiner, Esq.

Colonel James L. Orr, of South Carolina, and John S. Phelps, of Missouri, are both spoken of for Speaker of the next House. Colonel Orr will, doubtless, be the man. John S. Phelps, or George W. Jones, of Tennessee, will probably be at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means. The Clerkship of the House, is evidently between Colonel Allen, of Illinois, John L. Robinson, of Indiana, and David Naar, editor of the Trenton (New Jersey), *True American*. The South will not ask for both Speaker and Clerk, of course.

Colonel Burwell Wilkes, of Holmes county, Mississippi, has been warned to leave, by a committee of citizens. The charge preferred against him is that of "general meanness," or, what they would call out West, "pure cussedness." He left in just two minutes after receiving the notice.

Mr. Mason requests leave to remain in Paris a short while longer.

Mr. Fay has determined to anticipate his recall from Berne.

Lucy Stone and her husband have bought a cottage and live at Orange, New York. Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell and husband reside at Newark, New Jersey; she has not retired from public life. Mrs. Lydia Jenkins of Port Byron has commenced preaching, after a regular course of study.

Rev. T. J. Simpson, pastor of a church in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, has been tried by the Presbytery on the charge of improper intimacy with a Miss Henderson on board a steamboat, and has been suspended from the ministry. Simpson will probably be proceeded against for seduction unless he marries Miss H.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM AGAIN.

The public were startled on the morning of the 4th with the news that Mrs. Cunningham had again been arrested, on a charge of producing a supposititious heir to the Burdell estate. The story is as follows:

HOW SHE LAID HER PLANS.

Rumors had been rife, following the murder of Dr. Burdell, and the allegation of Mrs. Cunningham of her marriage to him, that that marriage was not to be an unfruitful one. It was rumored that Mrs. Cunningham was in a condition that promised in due time to add one more to the population of the city. She herself did not deny the truth of the rumor, but adopted every means to give it the appearance of truth. Gradually the circumference of her girdle was observed to enlarge, and she revealed confidentially to several persons that she was pregnant. Her counsel broadly intimated so much when she was on trial, and arguments before the Surrogate have been based on the assumption that there would be an heir to the Burdell estate forthcoming in due time.

While she was still an inmate of the Tombs, awaiting her trial for murder, she communicated the interesting fact of her pregnancy to the Matron of that establishment, and by her "make up" and other corroborative circumstances, removed all doubt from that lady's mind, if she ever had any, as to the reality of the claim. She also consulted Dr. Uhl as to her condition, and got him to prescribe the medicines fitted for a lady so situated. Dr. Uhl had been her physician for some time previously, and was an important witness in her favor on the trial. He does not appear to have had his suspicions aroused at first.

Subsequently, and after her acquittal by the jury, she again on several occasions consulted Dr. Uhl, and desired to engage his services on the eventful occasion which was soon to arise. He suggested to her the propriety, in view of the importance of the matter, of having a preliminary examination made by two or more respectable physicians. Mrs. Cunningham at first admitted the force of the suggestion, and expressed herself willing and anxious that the necessary preliminary examination should be made, requesting Dr. Uhl to make arrangements for it. The Doctor, however, could not fail to perceive that she avoided such an examination as he proposed. This and other little circumstances which he noticed awakened his suspicions, and led him to believe that the pregnancy of his patient was all a sham.

At a subsequent interview she admitted to Dr. Uhl that her pregnancy was simulated, and offered the Doctor $1000 to procure her a baby.

HOW DISTRICT ATTORNEY HALL LAID HIS.

Dr. Uhl, on advice of counsel, communicated all he knew to the District-Attorney, who urged Dr. Uhl to continue to wink at the deception until matters should be fully ripe for a complete exposure and detection. The doctor at first demurred to what might be regarded as a violation of professional confidence, but it was submitted to him that he was bound, as a good citizen, in justice to the whole community, to lend his aid to the complete working out and consequent exposure of the fraud. These arguments overcame Dr. Uhl's conscientious and professional scruples.

The District-Attorney undertook the delicate task of finding an heir to the Burdell property. He ascertained through Dr. Uhl that Mrs. Cunningham had selected the 28th of July, or thereabouts, for the time of her accouchement, and Mr. Hall was sure that by the aid of the officials of Bellevue Hospital, there would be no necessity of postponing the interesting event.

The plan which Dr. Uhl proposed to his patient, and which seemed to please and gratify her immensely, was this:

Dr. Uhl professed to have the good luck of being engaged by a woman in Elm Street, convenient to Bond, to assist her in her approaching confinement. This woman was represented to be one of those matrons known as "California widows," who would be overjoyed at being relieved of a responsibility on which her husband had not calculated. That was just the thing. Neither woman was to see or know the other, and there need therefore be no apprehension of unpleasant developments.

So the plan was arranged. Apartments were procured on Monday at 190 Elm Street, and were furnished by Mr. Hall, for the proper reception of the lying-in woman, Officers Dilks, Hopkins, Speight, and Walsh were detailed to keep a close look out on 31 Bond Street. Mr. Hall busied himself on Monday evening about perfecting the arrangements. An infant that had been born on Saturday was procured from Bellevue Hospital, and having been marked so as to be easily identified, was sent down with a nurse to 190 Elm Street. There a physician was in waiting, duly night-capped and metamorphosed, to personate the California lady; and Dr. Uhl, we believe, was there to deliver over the blessed baby to a Sister of Charity to be represented on that occasion by Mrs. Cunningham. The hour of nine o'clock was fixed as the time for that *dénouement*. Mrs. Cunningham was to proceed to Elm Street dressed as a Sister of Charity, to receive the little stranger.

SHE FETCHES THE BABY IN A BASKET.

The melodrama of which Mr. Hall was the getter-up, stage-manager, and prompter, went through better than usual, even without the advantage of a rehearsal. Mrs. Cunningham was duly tracked by Captain Speight from 31 Bond Street to Elm, and seen to return with a basket containing the baby. She was permitted to enter her house, and at eleven o'clock a domiciliary visit was paid by the officers.

THE SCENE IN MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S BEDROOM.

Dr. De la Montagne thus describes the scene in the bedroom:

"This deponent and Inspector Dilks rang the door-bell, but there was no answer. Deponent then rang violently, when the door was soon opened by two women, who objected to our coming in, and asked what was wanted at this late hour. Inspector Dilks and this deponent excused themselves for the hour, and stated we had intercepted a doctor who had stated there had been a delivery in the house, and Inspector Dilks said he had come to see if it was all right; one of the women said Mrs. Burdell was sick and could not be seen; we then closely followed these women up stairs, and entered the upper second story hall; one of the women looked into the front large room and said, 'There are two gentlemen who wish to come in;' a voice said from within, 'Lock that door—they must not come in—I tell you to lock that door!' The police came up into the room and made arrests. But while they were coming up, and Inspector Dilks had gone down to call them, Mrs. Cunningham was asked by deponent, 'Do you claim this child as the child of Harvey Burdell?' and she said, 'Of course, whose else should it be?' Deponent further says, when the officers were up stairs he heard her say, 'Don't take away my dear baby from me.' Deponent further says that he demanded in the presence of the officers to see the umbilical cord. Mrs. Cunningham and the nurse objected. After some persuasion they consented. Deponent then removed the bandage and saw the piece of pocket-handkerchief on the cord, which was placed there in 190 Elm Street; but the marks were not as yet visible, and would not be seen till the following day. Deponent then proceeded in a carriage, in company with the District-Attorney, to Bellevue Hospital, taking the said infant with them, and about half past one o'clock on Tuesday morning restored it to the mother, who is named Elizabeth Anderson, and is now a patient in the lying-in ward of Bellevue Hospital."

THE ARREST.

Mrs. Cunningham has, of course, been arrested on a charge of producing a supposititious infant. She will be taken to the Tombs, and will, no doubt, be convicted.

FRACAS AT NIAGARA FALLS.

A gentleman from the South—Kentucky or Missouri—with his wife and daughter, were stopping at the International Hotel. On Tuesday they were on the Canada side, and took a ferry skiff to return.

After the ladies had taken seats in the skiff an impudent colored man took a seat between them. The gentleman who accompanied these ladies, the husband of one and father of the other, requested the negro, politely, to leave the seat that he might occupy it. The fellow refused to change his seat, and gave abusive language in return for politeness. The white man ejected the black one by force from the seat, and choked him some.

Yesterday morning the man and his wife came to the breakfast-table of the International later than usual, and after nearly all the guests had left the dining-room. After taking his seat at the table beside his wife, the negro with whom he had the altercation in the skiff on the previous day came up to him and said, "You are the man who choked me yesterday." The reply was, "Yes, and I ought to have thrown you into the river."

At this point the black fellow struck the man on the head with a heavy tumbler, felling him senseless to the floor. The wife of the gentleman thus assaulted rose, and, with commendable heroism, dealt the fellow a blow which restrained him. Without an instant of delay, she ran up stairs to the rooms she occupied, and finding the door locked, her husband having the key, she burst the door open, seized a revolver, and ran to the dining-room. By this time the black waiters had passed their companion out of the house, and out of immediate danger. Tolerable quiet was restored by the interference of the proprietors of the house and friends.

The negro who had caused the disturbance ran to the river bank, intending to escape to Canada, but did not succeed. He was arrested by a constable, and, while on his way to answer to the magistrate, in passing a hotel, a shot was fired from the second-story window. The ball did no mischief, but passed near the constable and his prisoner. Who fired the shot no one has yet ascertained—or, at least, it is not publicly known. It is charged upon both parties.

The negro was taken before a magistrate, examined, and found guilty of the assault. The magistrate decided to sentence the fellow to pay a fine of $15, and go to jail for three months.

The Southerner who was assaulted came forward and requested that the fellow be not sent to jail. The magistrate then changed the sentence to a fine of $25, which was paid.

THE TENNESSEE GIANT.

The Rev. John Brooks gives the following items about the Tennessee Giant, Miles Danlen, who died a few days since:

"He was twice married. His children are very large, but probably none of them will ever be more than half the weight of their father. He was quite active and lively, and labored until about four years ago, when he became so fleshy that he was compelled to stay at home or be hauled about in a two-horse wagon.

"In 1839 he made a contract with a tailor to furnish him a suit of clothes for $50—the cloth was to cost $5 per yard. Upon measurement it took twelve yards of cloth. So the tailor lost $10 and the making. The tailor states that three men, each weighing over two hundred pounds, put the coat on, buttoned it around them, and walked across the square of Lexington. In 1850 it took thirteen and one half yards of flax-cloth, yard wide, to make him a coat. It took sixteen yards of cambric for his shroud; twenty-four yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lid of his coffin; one hundred and twenty-five feet of plank to make his coffin.

"His coffin was eight feet long; across the breast thirty-two inches; across the head eighteen inches; across the foot fourteen inches; its depth thirty-five inches. He weighed in 1845 eight hundred and seventy-one pounds. His height was seven feet six inches. His weight when he died, as nearly as could be ascertained, was a fraction over one thousand pounds."

GENERAL WALKER BLUSHING.

The following letter from General Walker appears in the National *Intelligencer*:

"GENTLEMEN,—I have just seen a letter addressed to you by General Wool, from Troy, New York, on the 16th of this month.

"Respect for the General's position requires me to notice some of the statements of this letter, though pity for an old public servant, whose memory age and disease have impaired, might urge me to pass it unnoticed.

"I must, however, do General Wool the justice to say that I am very unwilling to impute to him the authorship of a letter characterized by so much want of fairness and frankness. A politician, and not a soldier, must have indited sentences which, while apparently accurate, are really suggestive of untruth.

"I beg leave to say to you that one afternoon, as General Wool was leaving San Francisco for Benicia—when

he was on the wharf, and about going aboard the steamer—I distinctly stated to him the nature of my grant from Castillon, and he as distinctly wished me all success in my enterprise.

"As for what the General says about 'filibustering schemes' and the formation of 'an independent slave confederacy,' I blush that such phrases have been published over the signature of a Major General in the army of the United States—I remain your obedient servant,

"MONTGOMERY, Alabama, *July* 29, 1857. WM. WALKER."

A FEARFUL LEAP.

A passenger by the Michigan Central Railroad, finding that the train did not stop at a particular station, rushed for the rear car, carpet bag in hand, and jumped off. The train was passing at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, and of course he struck the ground at some little distance from the starting point. One foot struck the ground first, and so heavily did he come down, that the heel of his boot was torn off. His second foot struck twelve feet distant from his first track, and the boot heel was also ripped from his other boot. The man continued his rapid movements—being thrown into all sorts of positions—for some distance beyond. He finally "brought up" no less than *seventy-four feet* from the spot where he left the rushing train. On picking himself up, he was asked if he was much hurt, when he answered that he did not know, and immediately picking up his watch and a number of buttons which had been scattered by the shock, and seizing his carpet bag, he started off, with his dinner tolerably well settled.

A ROMANTIC DUCKING.

A young lady, possessed of beauty, accomplishments, and having $45,000 in hard cash on deposit at St. Louis, started recently on a trip to New York in company with her aunt. She took passage on the *Tennessee Bell* from Keokuk to Cincinnati. On the same boat was a young man who had plenty of every thing but money; he had importuned her at home, and kept up his ardent courtship on board the boat. The lady, however, was hard-hearted, and refused to him the least hope. The boat stopped a while at Carrolton, Kentucky, and the lady and her aunt concluded to take a stroll on shore. As she was going down the gangway plank it tilted, and the lady fell into the water; she was drawn by the current under the wharf boat; the suitor jumped in, went under the boat after her, succeeded in catching her, and finally rescued her. In two hours she was perfectly restored, and, sending for her deliverer, and a clergyman being on board, they were married forthwith.

MORE LITERARY THEFTS.

The authorship of the leader, "Nothing to Drink," in the last number of *The Roarer*, a paper published in this city at semi-intervals, is now claimed by the daughter of the wife of the son of a brother of a justice of the peace down the river. She asserts that she wrote the first half of the article on two sheets of paper, and the last fourteen lines on a white-oak chip. It originated from her suffering from thirst in the woods last summer while on a blackberry expedition. She lost it a few days after in the crowd around the ticket-wagon of a circus. The only change from the original is, "Let's all drink!" in place of "Give me pure water!" as she wrote it. Those who wish to see this sensation-article had better purchase a a few copies of *The Roarer*, at four cents each.

A FISH IN A MAN'S SKULL.

A most singular incident occurred in Burrell township a short time since, which is worthy of notice. Two sons of Mr. John H. I—ett were in the habit of setting "night-lines" in the Allegheny River, in order to become possessed of the finny tribe. One morning a very mysterious-looking thing was observed from the shore, as being attached to one of the lines out some distance. On drawing in the line a fish was fast on the hook, with its head protruding from the orifice of a human skull which rests on the vertebral column; its body being in the skull, and too large to allow its escape therefrom. The theory is that the fish became domiciled in the skull some time since, and grew until it became imprisoned therein beyond the power to escape unaided. The skull is sound, and has yet four teeth in it, the remainder having dropped out. Its shape indicates that it possibly belonged to a negro, and was, perhaps, that of a female.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

BUT little business has been done in Parliament since our last. Conversations have taken place on the Indian Mutiny, the Chinese War, Negro emigration to the West Indies, and a monument to Lord Raglan; but nothing new was elicited. Lord John Russell has introduced a new Jew bill. A vote on the Divorce bill in the Commons showed a majority of 87 in its favor. A debate, originated by Disraeli, on the Indian war, ended in the presentation of an address to the Queen assuring her of the support of the Commons.

DEFEAT OF THACKERAY AT OXFORD.

The parliamentary election for Oxford City resulted in the defeat of Mr. Thackeray, the vote being—For Cardwell, 1,085; Thackeray 1,018.

In one of his speeches, Mr. Thackeray said:

"I am desirous that the people who work hard all the week should have the means of relaxation, amusement, and instruction upon their only day of rest. I would to this end open to them picture-galleries, museums, scientific collections, and such places as the Crystal Palace near London, where are to be found gardens and flowers, statues and pictures, and objects the most harmless and beautiful. I believe the laboring man would enjoy these sights in company with his family, and that the enjoyment of them would keep him from intoxication, not lead him into it, as opponents of my views fear. Those who have seen our great cities know how the Sunday is often passed, and whether drunkenness is prevented by the present legislation. Should the opening of such a place as the Crystal Palace be found to occasion drinking and disorder, which I disbelieve, surely a stop may be put to the sale of intoxicating liquors in that place on the Sunday. I never spoke or thought of opening theatres on Sunday. I would try to multiply the means of procuring peace and harmless pleasure for the people on that day, and know that in many theatrical pieces there are jests, and allusions, and situations ill-fitted indeed to any, but especially to the sacred day. I would consent to and encourage good band-music, which has been played before our sovereigns for a hundred years past; but would object to songs, for the same reason that renders me averse to plays—because songs may be made vehicles for jokes and buffoonery, which, on such a day, might justly shock the sense of religious persons. And I believe the relaxation of the present system would make many people friendly to the clergy, whom they now suppose to be hostile to their honest pleasures; would be a means of happiness and union among the families of the poor; and ought not to offend the feelings of any Christian man."

BARON ROTHSCHILD.

Baron Rothschild resigned his seat, as he said he would do, on the failure of the Jew bill. He addressed a meeting of electors at once, and among other things said: The House of Lords, or rather a section of their lordships, had set themselves in opposition to the opinions of the House of Commons and the people; but the country would not allow the cause of civil and religious liberty to be sacrificed to the prejudices of a set of men who attended very little to any thing else but their own pleasure and amusement. If, however, he were re-elected, and the House of Lords still refused to pass a bill, he was sure the House of Commons would seat him by resolution, and therefore he now appeared before them as a candidate for the suffrages of the citizens of London. He therefore appealed to the citizens of London to support him again, and he made that appeal in the confident conviction that he should be again returned one of the members for the City. With regard to the course of the Government on the Oaths bill, it was to be regretted that they did not put the screw on more in the House of Lords. There were ten peers abroad attached to the consulate, and they should have been brought over to vote for the Bill.

He has been since returned for London without opposition.

THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* have left for Cork. An important alteration in the arrangements for laying the cable has been determined upon, and the plan now is, instead of commencing in mid-ocean, to submerge the whole cable in a continuous line from Valentia Bay in Ireland to Newfoundland. The *Niagara* will lay the first half from Ireland to the middle of the Atlantic; the end will then be joined to the other half on board the *Agamemnon*, which takes it on to the coast of Newfoundland. During the whole process the four vessels will remain together, and give whatever assistance is required. Constant communication is to be kept up with the coast of Ireland during the progress of the work, and the wires are to be at once carried from Killarney to Valentia Bay, so as to connect with the British and Irish lines.

COURT FESTIVITIES.

A correspondent writes:

"The continued heat of the weather and the departure of the Queen will soon put an end to the London season, but though royalty seeks the quiet of Osborne thus early it has contributed more than its usual share to the fashionable chronicle of the past fortnight. The reception of the Queen of Oude, the Chapters of the Order of the Garter and Thistle, two state visits, a grand view at Aldershott, the presentation of the freedom of the city to Prince Frederick William—to say nothing of the State ball and other gayeties of the Palace, have closed the season with a brilliancy of which its long-delayed beginning hardly gave promise.

"The illuminations at the Prussian Embassador's on the occasion of the State visit there deserve especial notice. After seeing most of the great displays in London and Paris for the last two years, I had supposed that the force of "gas-light could no further go," but never, for beauty of general effect and elegance of detail, have I seen any equal to these; and when the royal carriages drove into the square, amidst the cheers of the assembled crowd, and with the band in the house playing the National Anthem, the sight would have stirred the blood of the most ardent republican. Those who are believers in omens will perhaps be pleased to know that, directly after the arrival of the Queen and Princess Royal, the moon, which had previously been hidden behind a dark cloud, rose in full splendor. Scoffers may say that this shows that an alliance between England and Prussia is all *moonshine*. I would rather say that Diana smiles upon and promises happiness to the young couple through whose union this alliance will be brought about."

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

At Great Yarmouth the expenses of the unsuccessful conservative candidates, Sir E. H. K. Lacon and the Hon. C. S. Vereker, are returned at £583 4*s*. 3*d*., and those of Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh, M.P., and Mr. E. W. Watkin, M.P., at £305 14*s*. 5*d*. A supplemental list of "claims allowed," to the amount of £176 6*s*. 6½*d*., is appended to the latter gentlemen's accounts. At Ipswich the expenses of the Conservative candidates, Mr. J. C. Cobbold, M.P., and Mr. H. J. Selwin, are returned at £536 13*s*. 6*d*., and those of the Liberal candidates, Mr. H. E. Adair, M.P., and Mr. J. C. Marshman, at £408 11*s*. 4*d*. At Colchester the expenses of Mr. J. G. Rebow, M.P., are returned at £215 13*s*. 5*d*.; and those of Mr. T. J. Miller, M.P., at £553 5*s*. 11*d*.; and those of Mr. W. R. Havens, the unsuccessful candidate, at £41 3*s*. 8*d*. The arrangement of the accounts and the items set down in them vary greatly. Thus, in the account of Mr. Cobbold and Mr. Selwin at Ipswich, £173 11*s*. 2*d*. is returned under the head of "agencies," while the same item in the account of Mr. Adair and Mr. Marshman amounts to only £50 8*s*. "Agency" figures for £31 10*s*. in the accounts of Sir E. Lacon and the Hon. C. S. Vereker, at Great Yarmouth, but it has no place in the returns of Messrs. M'Cullagh and Watkin. Sir E. Lacon and Mr. Vereker employed 250 "messengers, attendants, and scouts;" Messrs. M'Cullagh and Watkin had 44. The sum of £19 7*s*. 6*d*. is also returned under the head of "voters' travelling expenses," by Sir E. Lacon and Mr. Vereker; but the item does not appear in the accounts of Messrs. M'Cullagh and Watkin. At Peterborough the expenses of the Hon. G. H. Fitzwilliam, M.P., are returned at £150 0*s*. 4*d*.; those of Mr. T. Hankey, M.P., at £286 9*s*. 3*d*.; and those of Mr. G. H. Whalley, the unsuccessful candidate, at £170 6*s*. 10*d*. "Agency" cost Mr. Fitzwilliam £60 8*s*. 6*d*., Mr. Hankey £150 5*s*. 10*d*., and Mr. Whalley £12 10*s*.

MUNCHAUSEN CUMMING OBLIGES AN AMERICAN.

The dullness of the Liverpool police proceedings has been enlivened by the appearance of Mr. Gordon Cumming, the Lion Slayer, who had been summoned for a series of assaults committed on the 14th ult. at the Grand Junction Hotel in Liverpool. Mr. Cumming is at present giving his entertainment at Liverpool, and on the evening of the 14th he was sitting with two friends taking supper at the hotel, when two other persons (a Mr. Griffiths and a Mr. Ellis) took their seats at a neighboring table.

According to the statements of Griffiths and Ellis, they were conversing about the American steam-frigate *Niagara*, and finding that Mr. Cumming and his party were talking also on the same subject, Mr. Griffiths made some remarks to them, upon which, as he said, Mr. Cumming assaulted him in a most furious manner, cutting him about the face and head, and when his friend, Mr. Ellis, interfered, he was similarly abused; while the barmaid and barman also came in for some serious blows. According to the account of Mr. Cumming and his friends, Griffith's own conduct led to the assault, for he, it was said, first of all intruded himself upon Mr. Cumming's party, and afterward invited that gentleman to fight.

Mr. Cumming said, that though he was much annoyed at some remarks insulting to the British flag which he overheard Mr. Griffiths use, he did not speak to that gentleman at all until Mr. Griffiths had seated himself, uninvited, at their table, and had refused to leave it. Then, for the first time, he turned to Griffiths, and said, "I am a mild person, Sir, and not inclined to fight, or have any disturbance with you;" whereupon Mr. Griffiths said, "Stand upon the floor, and I will take the bounce out of all three of you." Upon this invitation, Mr. Cumming said he felt bound, in common politeness, to strike Mr. Griffiths, and as he generally did any thing in that way pretty effectually, he handled Griffiths rather severely; but he never struck intentionally either Mr. Ellis or the attendants.

The magistrate (Mr. Smith) said it was clear that the gentlemen had brought the attack upon themselves, by going into company where they had no business. It was unfortunate that the barmaid should have received any injury; but he could not believe that the injury had been other than accidental. The summons was dismissed.

FRANCE.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

After some time spent in taking counsel and deliberating among friends and colleagues, it seems to be settled that three out of the five Democratic deputies for Paris refuse to take the oaths to the Imperial Government. These three are General Cavaignac, M. Goudchaux, and M. Carnot. The last is said to have hesitated a good deal, the first less so, but the second declared from the beginning his repugnance to submit to such a condition.

A PAIR OF DASHING SWINDLERS.

A correspondent writes: "Society has been greatly enlivened here by the conviction during their absence of a nest of swindlers, whose doings are very characteristic of the place. The parties were a mother and son, who, without a franc to bless themselves with, contrived to hire splendid apartments all glittering with gold, the rent of which was 25,000 francs, and to furnish them in the most costly manner. The gentleman, who was remarkably handsome, and dressed himself in the best possible taste, announced that under the auspices of the Emperor he was engaged in forming societies for the benefit of the poorer classes and of morals generally. He hired a staff of secretaries, kept servants in chaste liveries, had a carriage for his mother and a beautiful brougham for himself; frequently went to the Palace, as he said, to dine with his Majesty, and constantly had dinner-parties and soirees, composed of persons who answered to the names of the greatest celebrities about the Court. His mother, a lady who wore powder in her hair, and had all the appearance and manners of *une femme bien distingué*, received ladies who personated the characters of the Empress's most intimate friends. The Duchess de Bassano was her frequent guest—at least a lady of the same *taille* who represented herself as such—and with this machinery, aided by a few subscriptions to the imperial schemes under the auspices of the 'Emperor's friend,' these people kept the game up for two months, letting in jewelers, upholsterers, coach-builders, horse-dealers, pastry-cooks, respectable servants, etc., without number; when one fine morning, having been warned by sundry significant hints, they flitted, bearing off every thing portable to Belgium. Marshal Magnan was, in fact, the party who succeeded in blowing up the mine, having discovered that a *soi disant* butcher, who very much resembled him, had been dressed up as his representative and made to pass through the rooms at a crowded soiree in that character. The likeness is so good that many who are quite familiar with the features of the Marshal were deceived. Of course the vendor of beasts was not kept at the soiree very long; but, as is often the case with distinguished personages, confined himself to a simple walk through the rooms and a short confidential conversation with the host and hostess. I learned from an eye-witness that the broad shoulders, bullet-shaped head of the Marshal, with the snow-white waistcoat and broad crimson ribbon athwart the breast, and the star on the left breast were done to the life. It is an odd fact that, with all their caution, all their alleged contempt of great names and love of republican simplicity, there are no people so easily gulled as the French if a man has but a double share of their own gascon, vanity, and impudence. Let a man seem to be feeling his way, and careful in his expenditure, no tradesman will trust him out of his sight; but if he strut, and give himself intolerable airs, regardless of expense, then all the Rue de la Paix rushes out to fling its roses at his feet."

DEATH AND BURIAL OF BERANGER.

Béranger is dead. The Government buried him within eighteen hours for fear of disturbance. Marshal Magnan has issued an order of the day complimenting the Army of Paris on their excellent conduct at Béranger's funeral. They every where, he says, kept the crowd within bounds with patience and energy, and obtained the best results. The military preparations made were, it seems, rather more extensive than the Government cares to acknowledge, and show the apprehensions entertained. Under the pretext of a *promenade militaire*, all the heavy cavalry quartered at Versailles were brought into the Bois de Boulogne, and there kept in waiting for several hours. The masses of troops that took military occupation of the boulevards and faubourgs were as nothing compared to those under arms and out of sight. During the whole day the artillery was in readiness for action, the horses put to, and the men standing by their guns. The Minister at War, Marshal Vaillant, got up twice in the night, and went to Marshal Magnan's head-quarters in the Place Vendôme. The National Guard was warned to be in readiness to turn out. The various guards were not relieved for forty-eight hours, in order that small bodies of troops might not be exposed to the danger of marching about the streets unprotected. From the hour of Béranger's death to that of his interment the telegraph between Paris and Plombières was in constant work. The *Moniteur*, in giving an account of the funeral, speaks of no troops except General Soumain, his staff, a squadron of *Gardes de Paris*, and a squadron of Hussars. The immense military preparations are slurred over by the phrase "wise measures of the authorities," to which, after the "excellent spirit of the population," it is ascribed that the ceremony passed off without disorder. It is said that sundry honors are to be paid to his memory. His portrait will be placed in the gallery of Versailles, while the Rue Vendome, where he expired, will be transformed into the Rue Béranger.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC'S HOME.

An absurd report has circulated for the last few days to the effect that General Cavaignac had been arrested, and that he is now confined in some mysterious dungeon. It is hardly necessary to say that there is not a word of truth in this rumor. General Cavaignac has not been in Paris for many weeks; he was not there even during the elections. He is residing on a small property near Chateau du Loir, in the department of the Sarthe, with his family, and concerns himself very little with public affairs. He is, in fact, living in the utmost tranquillity. Without being very opulent he is in possession of an ample income, which has been increased by the death of his uncle, and in other respects he is to all appearance among the most contented of men. He took no part in the late elections beyond placing his name at the disposal of his political friends. For the present his chief occupation seems to be in superintending the building of a small pavilion on his grounds. The house he occupies is small, and General Cavaignac wishes to have a spare room or two for the accommodation of a few friends who may happen to visit him. This is the only durance to which he is reduced.

A FAINTING LADY.

One day, in a lawsuit before the *Tribunal Correctionnel*, a handsome young lady, smartly dressed, was called as witness. The presiding Judge asked her name, and then put the usual question concerning her profession; "I am fainting," answered Madame in her weakest tone. The gallant disciple of Themis told an officer of the Court to bring her a chair, and allowed sufficient time for recovering. Then "Be not afraid, madame," said he, "and please to tell me, before you are sworn, what is your profession?" "I am fainting," again whispered the pretty witness in a scarcely audible voice. This time the Vice-President sent for a glass of water; the dame sipped it slowly, then bowing gracefully to the Judge, looked at him, seemingly awaiting further questions. And again she was asked her profession; wondering and amazed, she answered, "But, Monsieur le President, I had already twice the honor to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint!" exclaimed the bench. "Can that ever be a profession?" Madame answered in the affirmative, and explained that she gained a livelihood by going every evening, in a fashionable dress, to a stall at the "Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin," and fainting at the most tragical moment in the play. She added that her services were very valuable, and that the manager had never had to complain of the manner in which she performed her part. Unhappily, by exposing thus publicly the *pot aux roses*, her occupation was lost.

AN AGED MISER.

An aged woman who resided in the Rue Guisarde, where her deplorable poverty-struck appearance long excited the compassion of all the inhabitants, died a few days ago. On her death-bed she displayed extraordinary parsimony. She refused to burn a candle which was sent her by a charitable person, or to taste an orange, likewise a present; for oranges, she said, were too expensive to eat. On being pressed to make use of these trifling gifts she burst out into a fit of rage, which hastened her end. The *juge de paix* came after her death to seal up any property that might exist, and he declared the whole of the furniture and wardrobe possessed by the deceased to be worth less than twenty francs. When on the point of leaving the room, the attention of this official was directed to a basket heaped up with filthy rags, which stood at the foot of the bed. Touching this basket with his foot, he was struck with its weight, and on examination it was found nailed to the floor. The filthy contents of the basket were thrown out, and at the bottom was discovered a sum of 83,000 francs in gold. The treasure was taken at once to the Caisse des Dépôts and Consignations; and it is said that a nephew of the deceased has already instituted a claim on this unexpected inheritance. The deceased, who had formerly been a servant in several high families, was eighty-five years of age at the time of her death. She lived by begging for the last forty years.

TURKEY.

THE SULTANAS FLIRTING.

A letter from Constantinople, of the 8th ult. says: "A grave affair occurred yesterday in the High Street of Pera. M. Guarraccino, brother of an English Consul, happened to be standing at the door of a confectioner's shop, when a carriage occupied by Sultanas, and escorted by several eunuchs, came up. The Turkish ladies are such coquettes that, in spite of their vails, they allow themselves to be seen, and even by their glances excite admiration. Whether they gave M. Guarraccino a glance or not I do not know, but certain it is that he approached too close to the carriage, and looked into it with too much curiosity to please the eunuchs, and one of them struck him with a whip. M. Guarraccino, in return, struck the man with his cane, and the latter drew his sword; the former endeavored to wrest it from him, and both of them cut their fingers. On this the other eunuchs, sword in hand, rushed on M. Guarraccino, and he was obliged to take to flight; in running he fell, and the eunuchs coming up, stabbed him several times in the back. The eunuchs then continued their route, but not until after they had given their names to the police. M. Guarraccino was taken into a house, where his wounds were dressed, and it was found that he was not in danger. As he is an English subject, it is not doubted that the English embassy, which has never let such serious attacks of this kind go unavenged, will demand redress."

INDIA.

SPREADING OF THE REVOLT.

At latest accounts the mutiny was spreading among the troops in the Bengal Army. The ex-King of Oude had been arrested and imprisoned, together with his Minister, proofs of their complicity in the revolt having been obtained. General Barnard repulsed several sorties from Delhi, with severe losses to the insurgents. He was awaiting reinforcements to storm the city. From Madras it is positively stated that Delhi was captured, but the intelligence was regarded as premature, not having been confirmed by the advices from Bengal. The native troops of Calcutta and Barrackpoor were quietly disarmed. Uneasy feelings prevailed at Madras, but the army in that Presidency, and in Bombay, was without the slightest sign of disaffection.

CHINA.

THE BRITISH NAVAL FORCE.

The Navy Department has received the following dispatch from Commodore Amstrong:

"UNITED STATES FLAG SHIP SAN JACINTO,
HONG KONG, *May* 22, 1857.

"I am gratified to inform the Department that so far we have been able to maintain our neutrality amidst all the complicated difficulties between England and China, and against the pressure of our sympathizing countrymen.

"From the enormous force the English are collecting on the station, and the arrangements they are making for its permanency, it is clear that China is to be compelled to throw off her exclusiveness.

"The English squadron now on the station consists of thirteen sailing-vessels, mounting two hundred and seventy-eight guns; twelve steamers, with one hundred and seventy-one guns; seven gun-boats, with fourteen guns."

HEADS OR OPIUM.

Our Shanghai correspondent writes, under date of May 14: "Things at and around Canton wear a gloomy and warlike aspect. Every body now have to keep a bright look-out for their own heads, as any foreigner's is worth in Canton as much as a chest of opium, and where is there a Chinaman who would not steal a chest of opium? Then, how much readier would they be to seize a good-looking head, if not well protected by Colt's revolvers (which, by-the-by, are in great demand), being so much easier in the transportation?—that is, the head. We all know, at this time, how easy it is to carry a revolver, and how needful, too. The river trade is completely destroyed; no one dares send goods, nor will the owners of steamers permit their boats to run, the liability to capture being so great, and the insurance companies refusing risks. Heavens! how I would like to run a cargo of opium into Canton. The poor devils are suffering untold misery for it, and would be willing to give their hearts' blood in exchange, weight for weight. That is not a very good comparison of its value, either, for blood or life is of no consequence in a Chinese point of view.

ARMED VIRAGOES.

"I suppose you have heard ere this of the tragic end of our old favorite steamer *Queen*, taken on her passage from Hong Kong to Macao by her native passengers and crew. She had $50,000 freight on board; and that, with the boat's value in these times, was no trifle, to say nothing of Europeans who lost their lives. The attack and capture was arranged by that old boss-washerwoman and *proprietress* 'Acne'—a friend of yours, was she not? Of course you recollect her house of fame, located in Newtown, just abreast of the *Powhatan's* old anchorage, near Cowper's docks. She went on board with a dozen Colt's revolvers concealed beneath her flowing robes and around her delicate, slender waist. As male passengers only are searched, she took the advantage of her sex, and thus compassed her object. This is the way we folks who respect the sex, without a thought of the nation, get taken in. Those you remember who argued that it was wicked to kill Chinese women in action, found their error when it was discovered they were the most courageous of all. But there is, after all, something about the women which makes us men feel leniently toward them, though in this part of the world that sentiment is finally dying out. 'Acne' quickly distributed her arms among the firemen—those same firemen who seemed so faithful to us in days long passed—and her confederates among the passengers; and when off the west point of Lantao, the attack was made while the Europeans were at dinner—the wheelsman being shot first, which gave them command of the arm-chest, and then all defense was futile. Rushing to the cabin, they soon killed or drove overboard each victim, but one of whom ever reached the shore alive—'Cleverly,' of Canton, you know him. Shot through the thigh, he leaped overboard, and after four hours' swimming and floating, was rescued by a lorcha, and landed in Macao. The steamer was burned; and thus ends the *Queen*, full of reminiscences for us both.

ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE LILLY.

"Three attempts they made to take the *Lilly* while under the command of Jack, but were unsuccessful. Twice by the means of poison—once causing us much sickness, and the second time, being on our guard, we forced the two cooks to eat heartily of their dishes; in an hour we bundled them upon a beach to die as they deserved. The last attempt was made by a regular fleet of junks, mounting a good many guns, and carrying large crews. Our boat was very strong, our guns well manned, and a goodly number of Europeans being on board, we ran into their vessels with all speed, cutting them to the water's edge, meanwhile amusing ourselves by picking off the hounds with revolvers, either on the decks of their disabled boats, or as they floundered about in the water. Under such circumstances, steamboats are not paying expenses, and all are laid up but two, which keep communication between Hong Kong and Macao. All business is at a complete stand still. Many merchants have failed or expect to do so daily; many have gone home, some for good and all, others to await peace, when, if England does herself justice, we shall have steamers on all the large rivers and an unrestricted trade. Of course every thing commands war prices, chow chow being scarce, and very poor. Of fruits we see but little, and are afraid to eat them, or, in fact, any article supplied by Chinese, they are such adepts at poison. China now and China formerly are vastly different.

WHAT SORT OF VESSELS ARE WANTED IN CHINA.

"Every one is surprised to learn that the *Minnesota* and *Mississippi* are to join the squadron. Notwithstanding the continued protests, our Navy folks continue to send here vessels of such a size that they are nearly useless—being able to enter with safety only two ports, Macao and Hong Kong. In case of necessity, our crews are exposed in this climate for hours in open boats, attacking batteries or junks at a disadvantage which would appall any other than Yankee hearts. One 500 ton steamer would be of more service in these seas than the whole squadron. In fact, Uncle Sam seems determined to give this part of the world as little assistance or protection as possible. What with superannuated or juvenile officials on shore, and cumbersome fleets afloat, we stand a poor chance indeed."

REVOLT IN THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

THE SULTAN'S LADIES OUT SHOPPING.

It is not generally known—in this country, at least—that a social revolution of a most serious character—a consequence of the late war—is now being carried out in the Sultan's capital. While the war lasted, the much-despised Franks claimed and obtained so large a recognition of the services they were rendering to Turkey, that but little was wanting to install them as its absolute masters. Instead of the old pen at Pera, to which the Christian dogs had been condemned from time immemorial, they roamed in security Stamboul and the Turkish suburbs. Part of the royal demesne was appropriated as a hospital, and Scutari was bodily converted into a military station; the ancient police of Constantinople, notoriously as arbitrary as negligent, made a faint struggle for their rights, then yielded with Moslem philosophy; and it was far commoner to see a pair of tipsy French soldiers or British grenadiers dragging a Turkish policeman to the guard-house for interfering with them, than the reverse of the spectacle.

When the Sultan or his magistrates complained, the Frank officers were mightily indignant. Were they not pouring out their blood and their treasure for his majesty's throne, and the independence of Turkey? And while their comrades were dying by the thousand all for the Sultan, were they to be insulted—nay, outraged in his capital, merely on the pretext that a brave fellow had done too copious justice to the forbidden vine, or pulled off the yashmak of a pretty girl? If 'twere so, they, for their part, would pull no more trigger or draw no more sword in their present cause.

To all which, of course, the poor Turks could only protest that they were misunderstood, that they meant no harm, and that, rather than have the matter laid before the embassadors, they would pay an indemnity to the valiant Franks.

This state of things has now lasted over two years. The withdrawal of the troops has been followed by an immense influx of foreign civilians, more turbulent, as less controlled by discipline. So far as breaches of the peace, and obvious interferences with the rights of persons and property are concerned, the British and French embassadors have testified their readiness to afford any necessary aid to the Turkish magistracy in controlling their countrymen and punishing their misdeeds. But in regard of those other delinquencies which are heinous in Turkish eyes though excessively venial in those of the French and English, it has not proved so easy to enlist the assistance of the representatives of foreign powers.

For instance: without all doubt, illicit intrigue has usually been rarer in Constantinople than in any other city of the world, and for the simple reason that the pure code of Mohammedan morals regards female frailty as a sin quite inexpiable, and to be inexorably punished with death. A wealthy and luxurious Turk could always purchase a lovely Georgian or Circassian; he could establish friendly relations with a gentle Greek; but if he even ventured to flirt—with the eyes—with a fair Turk, it became simply a question of marriage or death with the lady. For married ladies to forsake their duty was a thing almost impossible, and hardly ever heard of. Some years ago, a gallant barber contrived to win the favor of a beautiful lady, and persuaded her to desert her home and take up her abode in his house, in one of the most frequented streets in Constantinople. It became known to her friends that she was there. They watched the house. From cock-crow to nightfall, from nightfall to cock-crow, the guard never relaxed; and the barber was duly warned that though he might escape unscathed, she must perish. He was actually obliged to break a hole through the wall into the adjoining house to get the frail fair one away, and "*la jeune Turquie*" was so excited by the uncommon gallantry and extraordinary *bonne fortune* of the barber that they patronized him regularly forthwith, and his sin became the source of his fortune.

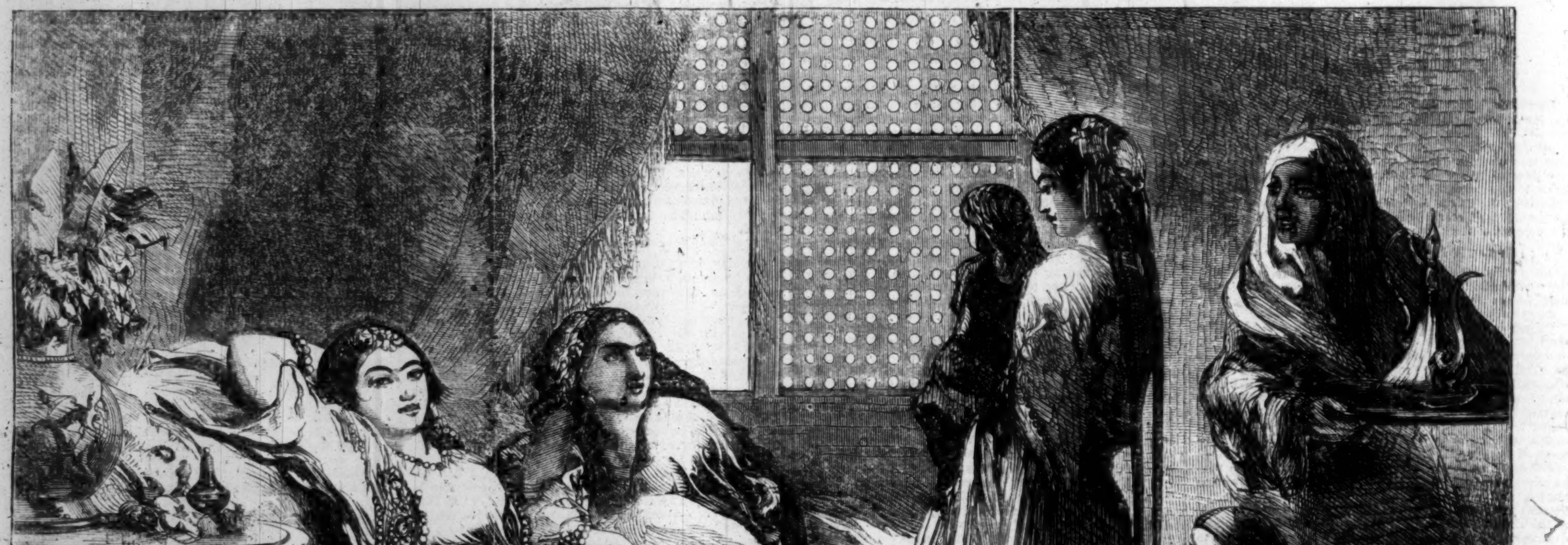
Such was old Turkey, before the reign of the Franks. When the latter came, all this was changed. A love of flirtation is a prominent failing in the character of both French and English; the officers began, the civilians continue to indulge the failing, at the cost of the Turkish damsels. And to complaints growing out of this class of enormities, the French and English embassadors have not turned too ready an ear. Turks have sworn by their beards, by the Prophet, and by Allah; but Sir Edward Lyons is not moved to consider these peccadilloes hanging matters. The Sultan's subjects have been driven to swallow their wrath, and the shocking behavior of the Christian dogs has waxed worse and worse.

The Christian traveler, as he sails in the steamer to Constantinople, is roused from his sleep or his lethargy by the impassioned cry—Stamboul! He rushes to a point of observation; descries the far-famed minarets, the dome of St. Sophia, the wonderful beauty of the heaven-planted city: his senses—if he be a person of sentiment—are bewildered at the entrancing spectacle; if the day be fine, no such enchanting sight can be seen elsewhere. As the steamer approaches, he is shown the grove and the palaces, stretching down to the Bosphorus, which bear the name of Seraglio Point. From the sea, they appear to be the perfection of luxury, comfort, and beauty: color, form, site—all is exquisite. Fascinated by the scene, most travelers gaze in a dreamy rapture upon it until the steamer rounds the Point, and enters the Golden Horn; it is not, perhaps, till then, that the voyager has allowed his thoughts to wander from the outward and visible signs of splendor and loveliness to fancy-painted pictures of those inward realities of loveliness for whom those gorgeous palaces, that sweet grove, and those fairy-like grounds, are designed. He learns, when he awakes from his dream, that the spot he has been admiring is in reality the Seraglio of the Grand Seignior.

Dream, indeed!

In those palaces dwell two thousand ladies, more or less, most of them marvels of loveliness. Five of them are wives of the Sultan. The law allows him seven; but Abd-ul-Medjid, on ascending the throne, declared that he proposed to set his subjects an example of moderation, and would therefore be contented with five. The rest are slaves, odalisques, and waiting-women.

There is no such thing known to Turkish law as the marriage of a Sultan. When he is so deeply smitten with one of the fair creatures of his harem



THE FAVORITES IN THE HAREM.

A BOATING PARTY ON THE BOSPHORUS.

as to desire to set her above her fellows, he pronounces her *Kadun*, and she becomes his wife, and hence entitled to a large allowance from the State. When the late Sultan Mahmoud lost his pet wife, he shut himself up in some private rooms in his palace, and remained there for several days plunged in the deepest melancholy. A young slave girl of extraordinary beauty, and barely fifteen, had lately been purchased as a bath attendant. In the course of her duties she went to clean the bath in the private apartments, and actually ran into the awful presence of the Sultan laughing and singing.

"How dare you venture here?" was the terrible inquiry of the Grand Seignior.

The poor girl fell at his feet in a flood of tears, and craved pardon in a voice barely articulate from terror.

"Good," said Mahmoud, "you may go;" and as she retired, trembling, "you may come back to this place to-morrow at the same hour."

Of course she obeyed. In her emotion and childish awe she looked so lovely that the Sultan felt his grief gradually ooze away, and in the course of a week the seraglio knew that the happy girl had been duly promoted to the rank of Kadun. This bath-girl became the mother of the present Abd-ul-Medjid.

The ladies of the harem who are not Kaduns are called *ikbals*, or favorites. They obtain promotion on their becoming mothers of a boy. But this happy event is of no facile accomplishment. By the law of Turkey the mother of a Sultan's son is entitled to certain enormous allowances, which it is an object for the State to avoid in the present impoverished condition of the country, and, besides, State policy indicates that the Sultan shall have no more sons than are necessary to secure a supply of heirs to the throne. Hence a shocking violation of nature's laws and frequent infanticide.

There is a melancholy page in Abd-ul-Medjid's history, growing out of this practice. During his father's lifetime he was tenderly attached to a fair odalisque, the only woman he is said to have loved. A time came when she could not conceal from the Court that she was about to become a mother. Court etiquette is precise on the point; the princes may not become fathers; the law was enforced, and the unfortunate girl herself fell a victim to the brutal unskillfulness of the seraglio surgeons. Abd-ul-Medjid almost died of grief; and, to render the accident more aggravating, his father, Mahmoud, died within a week, so that, had but a week's respite been granted to the odalisque, her maternity might have been a subject of general rejoicing, and her son might have become heir apparent.

The seraglio is replenished from time to time by the presents which are made to the Sultan by his mother, his wives, and the Pashas of the provinces. A beautiful maiden is the most *recherché* present that can be made to a distinguished Turk; and naturally the Sultan has the flowers of the garden. In olden times each conquered city was required to furnish one or more lovely girls once a year to the royal seraglio. It is known that the partial freedom which Athens enjoyed for a century or more under the dominion of the Kislar Aga was obtained from the Sultan by an Athenian girl of extraordinary beauty, who had been torn from her parents by the Sultan's officers, and immured by force in the seraglio.

Of the occupations and amusements of the Sultan's ladies we have various accounts. On one side we are told that they are carefully educated, play the piano well, read several languages, and sing and dance as well as the dancing-girls; while other travelers report them as ignorant, idle, licentious, and sensual. There seems to be reason to believe that their habitual conversation is not calculated for the ears of Frank ladies. Some English women who obtained admission to the seraglio heard and saw enough effectually to prevent them repeating the visit. But the life of the queens of the harem must necessarily be a dull and monotonous one. Mr. Oscanyan tells us that their craving for male society becomes so violent at times as to induce them to feign illness, in order to be visited by "the bleeder," as the doctor is called; and some years ago it was ordered that each lady was to be locked up in her room at 8 P.M., in consequence of the enterprising endeavors of some of the more ardent to seek adventure abroad under cover of the night.

Now, we hear, the dislocation of Turkish society produced by the war has penetrated even the royal harem. Under the old rules the poor girls were not allowed to drive or walk out save with the *Sultana valide*; now they drive about in open carriages, and make up boating-parties on the Bosphorus. True, they are accompanied by guards, as depicted in our illustrations; but if rumor speak truth, these guards are neither impervious to corruption nor inaccessible to fear. Dashing foreigners have actually been seen—to the horror and disgust of well-bred Turks—speaking to the ladies as they drove through the streets; and on more than one occasion it has been discovered that the boating-parties on the Bosphorus afforded opportunities for tender meetings. We hear that two strangers—one of them an American—having been suspected, on good evidence, of undue intimacy with the fair inmates of the seraglio, have been assassinated by the enraged police of the Sultan; but we likewise hear that many a Christian dog may find hospitality under the very roof of the seraglio.

Not many weeks since an American boat was passing Seraglio Point late at night. A low whistle was heard. With muffled oars, the boat steadily approached the wall. There was a sentinel there, but he somehow had got a gold piece in each eye, which naturally impaired his eyesight, and a gold piece in each ear, which rather injured his hearing. The boat just touched the shore; there was a rustle above; down came a man, bearing in his arms a trembling, panting, shivering bundle, which he laid tenderly in the stern-sheets.

"Now, boys, for your lives, pull!"

There was a shout on the battlement, and a challenge to the audacious boat—other sentries had seen her; but she was manned by men from Cape

THE SULTANA VALIDE TAKING THE AIR.

Cod, and you may believe that those oars bent pretty tolerably as she clove her way to the United States ship ——. What next happened I know not, but the "bundle," I understand, is now the lovely wife of a distinguished Southern gentleman, in whose company she may be seen this year at Newport.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

In our happy country every man's house is his castle. But however stoutly he fortify it, Care enters, as surely as she did, in Horace's time, through the porticoes of a Roman's villa. Nor, whether ceilings be fretted with gold and ivory, or whether only colored with whitewash, does it matter to Care any more than it does to a house-fly. But every tree, be it cedar or blackthorn, can harbor its singing-bird; and few are the homes in which, from nooks least suspected, there starts not a music. Is it quite true that "*non* avium citharæque cantus somnum reducent?" Would not even Damocles himself have forgotten the sword, if the lute-player had chanced upon the notes that lull?

The dinner was simple enough, but well-dressed and well-served. One footman, in plain livery, assisted Mr. Mills. Darrell ate sparingly, and drank only water, which was placed by his side, iced, with a single glass of wine at the close of the repast, which he drank on bending his head to Lionel with a certain knightly grace, and the prefatory words of "Welcome here to a Haughton." Mr. Fairthorn was less abstemious—tasted of every dish, after examining it long through a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, and drank leisurely through a bottle of port, holding up every glass to the light. Darrell talked with his usual cold but not uncourteous indifference. A remark of Lionel's on the portraits in the room turned the conversation chiefly upon pictures, and the host showed himself thoroughly accomplished in the attributes of the various schools and masters. Lionel, who was very fond of the art, and, indeed, painted well for a youthful amateur, listened with great delight.

"Surely, Sir," said he, struck much with a very subtle observation upon the causes why the Italian masters admit of copyists with greater facility than the Flemish—"surely, Sir, you must yourself have practiced the art of painting?"

"Not I; but I instructed myself as a judge of pictures, because at one time I was a collector."

Fairthorn, speaking for the first time: "The rarest collection—such Albert Durers! such Holbeins! and that head by Leonardo da Vinci!" He stopped—looked extremely frightened—helped himself to the port—turning his back upon his host, to hold, as usual, the glass to the light.

"Are they here, Sir?" asked Lionel.

Darrell's face darkened, and he made no answer; but his head sank on his breast, and he seemed suddenly absorbed in gloomy thought. Lionel felt that he had touched a wrong chord, and glanced timidly toward Fairthorn, but that gentleman cautiously held up his finger, and then rapidly put it to his lip, and as rapidly drew it away. After that signal the boy did not dare to break the silence, which now lasted uninterruptedly till Darrell rose, and with the formal and superfluous question, "Any more wine?" led the way back to the library. There he ensconced himself in an easy chair, and saying, "Will you find a book for yourself, Lionel?" took a volume at random from the nearest shelf, and soon seemed absorbed in its contents. The room, made irregular by bay-windows, and shelves that projected as in public libraries, abounded with nook and recess. To one of these Fairthorn sidled himself, and became invisible. Lionel looked round the shelves. No *belles lettres* of our immediate generation were found there—none of those authors most in request at circulating libraries and literary institutes. The shelves could discover none more recent than the Johnsonian age. Neither in the lawyer's library were to be found any law-books—no, nor the pamphlets and parliamentary volumes that should have spoken of the once eager politician. But there were superb copies of the ancient classics. French and Italian authors were not wanting, nor such of the English as have withstood the test of time. The larger portion of the shelves seemed, however, devoted to philosophical works. Here alone was novelty admitted—the newest essays on science, or the best editions of old works thereon. Lionel at length made his choice—a volume of the "Faerie Queen." Coffee was served; at a later hour, tea. The clock struck ten. Darrell laid down his book.

"Mr. Fairthorn—the Flute!"

From the recess a mutter, and presently—the musician remaining still hidden—there came forth the sweetest note—so dulcet, so plaintive! Lionel's ear was ravished. The music suited well with the enchanted page through which his fancy had been wandering dream-like—the flute with the "Faerie Queen." As the air flowed liquid on Lionel's eyes filled with tears. He did not observe that Darrell was intently watching him. When the music stopped he turned aside to wipe the tears from his eyes. Somehow or other, what with the poem, what with the flute, his thoughts had wandered far, far hence to the green banks and blue waves of the Thames—to Sophy's charming face, to her parting childish gift! And where was she now? Whither passing away, after so brief a holiday, into the shadows of forlorn life?

Darrell's bell-like voice smote his ear.

"Spenser! You love him! Do you write poetry?"

"No, Sir, I only feel it!"

"Do neither!" said the host, abruptly. Then turning away, he lighted his candle, murmured a quick good-night, and disappeared through a side-door which led to his own rooms.

Lionel looked round for Fairthorn, who now emerged *ab angulo*—from his nook.

"Oh, Mr. Fairthorn, how you have enchanted me! I never believed the flute could have been capable of such effects!"

Mr. Fairthorn's grotesque face lighted up. He took off his spectacles, as if the better to contemplate the face of his eulogist. "So you were pleased! really?" he said, chuckling a strange, grim chuckle, deep in his inmost self.

"Pleased! it is a cold word! Who would not be more than pleased?"

"You should hear me in the open air."

"Let me do so—to-morrow."

"My dear young Sir, with all my heart. Hist!" gazing round as if haunted—"I like you. I wish *him* to like you. Answer all his questions as if you did not care how he turned you inside out. Never ask him a question, as if you sought to know what he did not himself confide. So there is something, you think, in a flute, after all? There are people who prefer the fiddle."

"Then they never heard your flute, Mr. Fairthorn." The musician again emitted his discordant chuckle, and, nodding his head nervously and cordially, shambled away without lighting a candle, and was ingulfed in the shadows of some mysterious corner.

CHAPTER IV.

The Old World, and the New.

It was long before Lionel could sleep. What with the strange house, and the strange master—what with the magic flute, and the musician's admonitory caution—what with tender and regretful reminiscences of Sophy, his brain had enough to work on. When he slept at last, his slumber was deep and heavy, and he did not wake till gently shaken by the well-bred arm of Mr. Mills. "I humbly beg pardon—nine o'clock, Sir, and the breakfast-bell going to ring." Lionel's toilet was soon hurried over; Mr. Darrell and Fairthorn were talking together as he entered the breakfast-room—the same room as that in which they had dined.

"Good-morning, Lionel," said the host. "No leave-taking to-day, as you threatened. I find you have made an appointment with Mr. Fairthorn, and I shall place you under his care. You may like to look over the old house, and make yourself"—Darrell paused—"At home," jerked out Mr. Fairthorn, filling up the *hiatus*. Darrell turned his eye toward the speaker, who evidently became much frightened, and, after looking in vain for a corner, sidled away to the window, and poked himself behind the curtain. "Mr. Fairthorn, in the capacity of my secretary, has learned to find me thoughts, and put them in his own words," said Darrell, with a coldness almost icy. He then seated himself at the breakfast-table; Lionel followed his example, and Mr. Fairthorn, courageously emerging, also took a chair and a roll. "You were a true diviner, Mr. Darrell," said Lionel; "it is a glorious day."

"But there will be showers later. The fish are at play on the surface of the lake," Darrell added, with a softened glance toward Fairthorn, who was looking the picture of misery. "After twelve, it will be just the weather for trout to rise; and if you fish, Mr. Fairthorn will lend you a rod. He is a worthy successor of Izaak Walton, and loves a companion as Izaak did, but more rarely gets one."

"Are there trout in your lake, Sir?"

"The lake! You must not dream of invading that sacred water. The inhabitants of rivulets and brooks not within my boundary are beyond the pale of Fawley civilization, to be snared and slaughtered like Caffres, red men, or any other savages, for whom we bait with a missionary, and whom we impale on a bayonet. But I regard my lake as a political community, under the protection of the law, and leave its denizens to devour each other, as Europeans, fishes and other cold-blooded creatures wisely do, in order to check the overgrowth of population. To fatten one pike it takes a great many minnows. Naturally I support the vested rights of pike. I have been a lawyer."

It would be in vain to describe the manner in which Mr. Darrell vented this or similar remarks of mocking irony, or sarcastic spleen. It was not bitter nor sneering, but in his usual mellifluous level tone and passionless tranquillity.

The breakfast was just over as a groom passed in front of the windows with a led horse. "I am going to leave you, Lionel," said the host, "to make—friends with Mr. Fairthorn, and I thus complete the sentence which he diverted astray, according to my own original intention." He passed across the hall to the open house-door, and stood by the horse stroking its neck and giving some directions to the groom. Lionel and Fairthorn followed to the threshold, and the beauty of the horse provoked the boy's admiration: it was a dark muzzled brown, of that fine old-fashioned breed of English roadster which is now so seldom seen; showy, bow-necked, long-tailed, stumbling reedy hybrids, born of bad barbs, ill-mated, having mainly supplied their place. This was, indeed, a horse of great power, immense girth of loin, high shoulder, broad hoof; and such a head! the ear, the frontal, the nostril! you seldom see a human physiognomy half so intelligent, half so expressive of that high spirit and sweet generous temper, which, when united, constitute the ideal of thorough-breeding, whether in horse or man. The English rider was in harmony with the English steed. Darrell at this moment was resting his arm lightly on the animal's shoulder, and his head still uncovered. It has been said before that he was of imposing presence; the striking attribute of his person, indeed, was that of unconscious grandeur; yet, though above the ordinary height, he was not very tall—five feet eleven at the utmost—and far from being very erect. On the contrary, there was that habitual bend in his proud neck which men who meditate much and live alone almost invariably contract. But there was, to use an expression common with our older writers, that "great air" about him which filled the eye, and gave him the dignity of elevated stature, the commanding aspect that accompanies the upright carriage. His figure was inclined to be slender; though broad of shoulder and deep of chest; it was the figure of a young man, and probably little changed from what it might have been at five-and-twenty. A certain youthfulness still lingered even on the countenance—strange, for sorrow is supposed to expedite the work of age; and Darrell had known sorrow of a kind most adapted to harrow his peculiar nature, as great in its degree as ever left man's heart in ruins. No gray was visible in the dark brown hair, that, worn short behind, still retained in front the large Jovelike curl. No wrinkle, save at the corner of the eyes, marred the pale bronze of the firm check; the forehead was smooth as marble, and as massive. It was that forehead which chiefly contributed to the superb expression of his whole aspect. It was high to a fault; the perceptive organs, over a dark, strongly-marked, arched eyebrow, powerfully developed, as they are with most eminent lawyers: it did not want for breadth at the temples; yet on the whole, it bespoke more of intellectual vigor and dauntless will than of serene philosophy or all-embracing benevolence. It was the forehead of a man formed to command and awe the passions and intellect of others by the strength of passions in himself, rather concentred than chastised, and an intellect forceful from the weight of its mass rather than the niceness of its balance. The other features harmonized with that brow; they were of the noblest order of aquiline, at once high and delicate. The lip had a rare combination of exquisite refinement and inflexible resolve. The eye, in repose, was cold, bright, unrevealing, with a certain absent, musing, self-absorbed expression, that often made the man's words appear as if spoken mechanically, and assisted toward that seeming of listless indifference to those whom he addressed, by which he wounded vanity, without, perhaps, any malice prepense. But it was an eye in which the pupil could suddenly expand, the hue change from gray to dark, and the cold still brightness flash into vivid fire. It could not have occurred to any one, even to the most commonplace woman, to have described Darrell's as a handsome face; the expression would have seemed trivial and derogatory; the words that would have occurred to all, would have been somewhat to this effect—"What a magnificent countenance! What a noble head!" Yet an experienced physiognomist might have noted that the same lineaments which bespoke a virtue bespoke also its neighboring vice; that with so much will there went stubborn obstinacy; that with that power of grasp there would be the tenacity in adherence which narrows in astringing the intellect; that a prejudice once conceived, a passion once cherished, would resist all rational argument for relinquishment. When men of this mould do relinquish prejudice or passion, it is by their own impulse, their own sure conviction that what they hold is worthless: then they do not yield it graciously; they fling it from them in scorn, but not a scorn that consoles. That which they thus wrench away had grown a living part of themselves; their own flesh bleeds—the wound seldom or never heals. Such men rarely fail in the achievement of what they covet, if the gods are neutral; but adamant against the world, they are vulnerable through their affections. Their love is intense, but undemonstrative; their hatred implacable, but unrevengeful. Too proud to revenge, too galled to pardon.

There stood Guy Darrell, to whom the bar had destined its highest honors, to whom the Senate had accorded its most rapturous cheers; and the more you gazed on him as he there stood, the more perplexed became the enigma, how with a career sought with such energy, advanced with such success, the man had abruptly subsided into a listless recluse, and the career had been voluntarily resigned for a home without neighbors, a hearth without children.

"I had no idea," said Lionel, as Darrell rode slowly away, soon lost from sight amidst the thick foliage of summer trees—"I had no idea that my cousin was so young!"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Fairthorn; "he is only a year older than I am!"

"Older than you!" exclaimed Lionel, staring in blunt amaze at the elderly-looking personage beside him; "yet true—he told me so himself."

"And I am fifty-one last birthday."

"Mr. Darrell fifty-two!—Incredible!"

"I don't know why we should ever grow old, the life we lead," observed Mr. Fairthorn, readjusting his spectacles. "Time stands so still! Fishing, too, is very conducive to longevity. If you will follow me we will get the rods; and the flute—you are quite sure you would like the flute? Yes! thank you, my dear young Sir. And yet there are folks who prefer the fiddle!"

"Is not the sun a little too bright for the fly at present? and will you not, in the mean while, show me over the house?"

"Very well; not that this house has much worth seeing. The other, indeed, would have had a music-room! But, after all, nothing like the open air for the flute. This way."

I spare thee, gentle reader, the minute inventory of Fawley Manor House. It had nothing but its antiquity to recommend it. It had a great many rooms, all, except those used as the dining-room and library, very small and very low—innumerable closets, nooks—unexpected cavities, as if made on purpose for the venerable game of hide-and-seek. Save a stately old kitchen, the offices were sadly defective, even for Mr. Darrell's domestic establishment, which consisted but of two men and four maids (the stablemen not lodging in the house). Drawing-room, properly speaking, it had none. At some remote period a sort of gallery under the gable roofs (above the first floor), stretching from end to end of the house, might have served for the reception of guests on grand occasions. For fragments of mouldering tapestry still, here and there, clung to the walls; and a high chimney-piece, whereon, in plaster relief, was commemorated the memorable fishing-party of Antony and Cleopatra, retained patches of color and gilding, which must, when fresh, have made the Egyptian queen still more appallingly hideous, and the fish at the end of Antony's hook still less resembling any creature known to ichthyologists.

The library had been arranged into shelves from floor to roof by Mr. Darrell's father, and subsequently, for the mere purpose of holding as many volumes as possible, brought out into projecting wings (college-like) by Darrell himself, without any pretension to mediæval character. With this room communicated a small reading-closet, which the host reserved to himself; and this, by a circular stair cut into the massive wall, ascended first into Mr. Darrell's sleeping-chamber, and thence into a gable recess that adjoined the gallery, and which the host had fitted up for the purpose of scientific experiments in chemistry, or other branches of practical philosophy. These more private rooms Lionel was not permitted to enter.

Altogether the house was one of those cruel tenements which it would be a sin to pull down or even materially to alter, but which it would be an hourly inconvenience for a modern family to inhabit. It was out of all character with Mr. Darrell's former position in life, or with the fortune which Lionel vaguely supposed him to possess, and considerably underrated. Like Sir Nicholas Bacon, the man had grown too large for his habitation.

"I don't wonder," said Lionel, as their wanderings over, he and Fairthorn found themselves in the library, "that Mr. Darrell began to build a new house. But it would have been a great pity to pull down this for it."

"Pull down this! Don't hint at such an idea to Mr. Darrell. He would as soon have pulled down the British monarchy! Nay, I suspect, sooner."

"But the new building must surely have swallowed up the old one."

"Oh, no; Mr. Darrell had a plan by which he would have inclosed this separately in a kind of court with an open screen work or cloister; and it was his intention to appropriate it entirely to mediæval antiquities, of which he had a wonderful collection. He had a notion of illustrating every earlier reign in which his ancestors flourished—different apartments in correspondence with different dates. It would have been a chronicle of national manners."

"But, if it be not an impertinent question, where is this collection? In London?"

"Hush! hush! I will give you a peep of some of the treasures, only don't betray me."

Fairthorn here, with singular rapidity, considering that he never moved in a straightforward direction, undulated into the open air in front of the house, described a rhomboid toward a side-buttress in the new building, near to which was a postern door; unlocked that door from a key in his pocket, and, motioning Lionel to follow him, entered within the ribs of the stony skeleton. Lionel followed in a sort of supernatural awe, and beheld, with more substantial alarm, Mr. Fairthorn winding up an inclined plank which he embraced with both arms, and by which he ultimately ascended to a timber joist in what should have been an upper floor, only flooring there was none. Perched there, Fairthorn glared down on Lionel through his spectacles. "Dangerous," he said, whisperingly; "but one gets used to every thing! If *you* feel afraid, don't venture!"

Lionel, animated by that doubt of his courage, sprang up the plank, balancing himself, schoolboy fashion, with outstretched arms, and gained the side of his guide.

"Don't touch me," exclaimed Mr. Fairthorn, shrinking, "or we shall both be over. Now observe and imitate." Dropping himself then carefully and gradually, till he dropped on the timber joist as if it were a velocipede, his long legs dangling down, he with thigh and hand impelled himself onward till he gained the ridge of a wall, on which he delivered his person, and wiped his spectacles.

Lionel was not long before he stood in the same place. "Here we are!" said Fairthorn.

"I don't see the collection," answered Lionel, first peering down athwart the joists upon the rugged ground overspread with stones and rubbish, then glancing up, through similar interstices above, to the gaunt rafters.

"Here are some—most precious," answered Fairthorn, tapping behind him. "Walled up, except where these boards, cased in iron, are nailed across, with a little door just big enough to creep through; but that is locked—Chubb's lock, and Mr. Darrell keeps the key!—treasures for a palace! No, you can't peep through here—not a chink; but come on a little further,—mind your footing."

Skirting the wall, and still on the perilous ridge, Fairthorn crept on, formed an angle, and, stopping short, clapped his eye to the crevice of some planks nailed rudely across a yawning aperture. Lionel found another crevice for himself, and saw, piled up in admired disorder, pic-

tures, with their backs turned to a desolate wall, rare cabinets, and articles of curious furniture, chests, boxes, crates—heaped pell-mell. This receptacle had been roughly floored in deal, in order to support its miscellaneous contents, and was lighted from a large window (not visible in front of the house), glazed in dull rough glass, with ventilators.

"These are the heavy things, and least costly things, that no one could well rob. The pictures here are merely curious as early specimens, intended for the old house, all spoiling and rotting; Mr. Darrell wishes them to do so, I believe! What he wishes must be done! my dear young Sir—a prodigious mind—it is of granite."

"I can not understand it," said Lionel, aghast. "The last man I should have thought capriciously whimsical."

"Whimsical! Bless my soul! don't say such a word—don't, pray, or the roof will fall down upon us! Come away. You have seen all you can see. You must go first now—mind that loose stone there!"

Nothing further was said till they were out of the building; and Lionel felt like a knight of old who had been led into sepulchral halls by a wizard.

CHAPTER V.

The annals of empire are briefly chronicled in family records brought down to the present day, showing that the race of men is indeed "like leaves on trees, now green in youth, now withering on the ground." Yet to the branch the most bare will green leaves return, so long as the sap can remount to the branch from the root; but the branch which has ceased to take life from the root—hang it high, hang it low—is a prey to the wind and the woodman.

IT was mid-day. The boy and his new friend were standing apart, as becomes silent anglers, on the banks of a narrow brawling rivulet, running through green pastures, half a mile from the house. The sky was overcast, as Darrell had predicted, but the rain did not yet fall. The two anglers were not long before they had filled a basket with small trout.

Then Lionel, who was by no means fond of fishing, laid his rod on the bank, and strolled across the long grass to his companion.

"It will rain soon," said he. "Let me take advantage of the present time, and hear the flute, while we can yet enjoy the open air. No, not by the margin, or you will be always looking after the trout. On the rising-ground, see that old thorn-tree—let us go and sit under it. The new building looks well from it. What a pile it would have been! I may not ask you, I suppose, why it is left incompleted. Perhaps it would have cost too much, or would have been disproportionate to the estate."

"To the present estate it would have been disproportioned, but not to the estate Mr. Darrell intended to add to it. As to cost, you don't know him. He would never have undertaken what he could not afford to complete; and what he once undertook, no thoughts of the cost would have scared him from finishing. Prodigious mind—granite! And so rich!" added Fairthorn, with an air of great pride. "I ought to know; I write all his letters on money matters. How much do you think he has, without counting land?"

"I can not guess."

"Nearly half a million—in two years it will be more than half a million. And he had not three hundred a year when he began life; for Fawley was sadly mortgaged."

"Is it possible! Could any lawyer make half a million at the bar?"

"If any man could, he would, if he set his mind on it. But it was not all made at the bar, though a great part of it was. An East Indian old bachelor of the same name, but who had never been heard of hereabouts till he wrote from Calcutta to Mr. Darrell (inquiring if they were any relations—and Mr. Darrell referred him to the College-at-Arms, which proved that they came from the same stock ages ago)—left him all his money. Mr. Darrell was not dependent on his profession when he stood up in Parliament. And since we have been here, such savings! Not that Mr. Darrell is avaricious, but how can he spend money in this place? You should have seen the servants we kept in Carlton Gardens. Such a cook too—a French gentleman—looked like a marquis. Those were happy days, and proud ones! It is true that I order the dinner here, but it can't be the same thing. Do you like fillet of veal? we have one to-day."

"We used to have a fillet of veal at school on Sundays. I thought it good then."

"It makes a nice mince," said Mr. Fairthorn, with a sensual movement of his lips. "One must think of dinner when one lives in the country—so little else to think of! Not that Mr. Darrell does, but then *he* is—granite!"

"Still," said Lionel, smiling, "I do not get my answer. Why was the house uncompleted? and why did Mr. Darrell retire from public life?"

"He took both into his head; and when a thing once gets there, it is no use asking why. But," added Fairthorn, and his innocent ugly face changed into an expression of earnest sadness—"but no doubt he had his reasons. He has reasons for all he does, only they lie far far away from what appears on the surface—far as that rivulet lies from its source! My dear young Sir, Mr. Darrell has known griefs on which it does not become you and me to talk. He never talks of them. The least I can do for my benefactor is not to pry into his secrets, nor babble them out. And he is so kind—so good—never gets into a passion; but it is so awful to wound him—it gives him such pain; that's why he frightens me—frightens me horribly; and so he will you when you come to know him. Prodigious mind!—granite—overgrown with sensitive plants. Yes, a little music will do us both good."

Mr. Fairthorn screwed his flute—an exceedingly handsome one. He pointed out its beauties to Lionel—a present from Mr. Darrell last Christmas—and then he began. Strange thing, Art! especially music. Out of an art a man may be so trivial you would mistake him for an imbecile—at best a grown infant. Put him into his art, and how high he soars above you! How quietly he enters into a heaven of which he has become a denizen, and, unlocking the gates with his golden key, admits you to follow, an humble, reverent visitor.

In his art Fairthorn was certainly a master, and the air he now played was exquisitely soft and plaintive; it accorded with the clouded yet quiet sky, with the lone but summer landscape, with Lionel's melancholic but not afflicted train of thought. The boy could only murmur, "Beautiful!" when the musician ceased.

"It is an old air," said Fairthorn; "I don't think it is known. I found its scale scrawled down in a copy of the Eikon Basilike, with the name of *Joannes Darrell, Eq. Aurat*, written under it. That, by the date, was Sir John Darrell, the cavalier who fought for Charles I., father of the graceless Sir Ralph, who flourished under Charles II. Both their portraits are in the dining-room.

"Tell me something of the family; I know so little about it—not even how the Haughtons and Darrells seem to have been so long connected. I see by the portraits that the Haughton name was borne by former Darrells, then apparently dropped, now it is borne again by my cousin."

"He bears it only as a Christian name. Your grandfather was his sponsor. But he is, nevertheless, the head of your family."

"So he says. How?"

Fairthorn gathered himself up, his knees to his chin, and began in the tone of a guide who has got his lesson by heart, though it was not long before he warmed into his subject.

"The Darrells are supposed to have got their name from a knight in the reign of Edward III., who held the lists in a joust victoriously against all comers, and was called, or called himself, John the Dare-all; or, in old spelling, the Derall! They were among the most powerful families in the country; their alliances were with the highest houses—Montfichets, Nevilles, Mowbrays; they descend through such marriages from the blood of Plantagenet kings. You'll find their names in Chronicles in the early French wars. Unluckily, they attached themselves to the fortunes of Earl Warwick, the King-maker, to whose blood they were allied; their representative was killed in the fatal field of Barnet; their estates were, of course, confiscated; the sole son and heir of that ill-fated politician passed into the Low Countries, where he served as a soldier. His son and grandson followed the same calling under foreign banners. But they must have kept up the love of the old land; for, in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., the last male Darrell returned to England with some broad gold pieces, saved by himself or his exiled fathers, bought some land in this county, in which the ancestral possessions had once been large, and built the present house, of a size suited to the altered fortunes of a race that had, in a former age, manned castles with retainers. The baptismal name of the soldier who thus partially refounded the old line in England was that now borne by your cousin Guy—a name always favored by Fortune in the family annals; for, in Elizabeth's time, from the rank of small gentry, to which their fortune alone lifted them since their return to their native land, the Darrells rose once more into wealth and eminence under a handsome young Sir Guy—we have his picture in black flowered velvet—who married the heiress of the Haughtons, a family that had grown rich under the Tudors, and in high favor with the Maiden-Queen. This Sir Guy was befriended by Essex, and knighted by Elizabeth herself. Their old house was then abandoned for the larger mansion of the Haughtons, which had also the advantage of being nearer to the Court. The renewed prosperity of the Darrells was of short duration. The Civil Wars came on, and Sir John Darrell took the losing side. He escaped to France with his only son. He is said to have been an accomplished, melancholy man; and my belief is, that he composed that air which you justly admire for its mournful sweetness. He turned Roman Catholic, and died in a convent. But the son, Ralph, was brought up in France with Charles II. and other gay roisterers. On the return of the Stuart, Ralph ran off with the daughter of the Roundhead to whom his estates had been given, and, after getting them back, left his wife in the country, and made love to other men's wives in town. Shocking profligate! no fruit could thrive upon such a branch. He squandered all he could squander, and would have left his children beggars, but that he was providentially slain in a tavern brawl for boasting of a lady's favors to her husband's face. The husband suddenly stabbed him—no fair duello, for Sir Ralph was invincible with the small sword. Still the family fortune was much dilapidated, yet still the Darrells lived in the fine house of the Haughtons, and left Fawley to the owls. But Sir Ralph's son, in his old age, married a second time, a young lady of high rank, an earl's daughter. He must have been very much in love with her, despite his age; for, to win her consent or her father's, he agreed to settle all the Haughton estates on her and the children she might bear to him. The smaller Darrell property had already been entailed on his son by his first marriage. This is how the family came to split. Old Darrell had children by his second wife; the eldest of those children took the Haughton name, and inherited the Haughton property. The son by the first marriage had nothing but Fawley, and the scanty domain round it. You descend from the second marriage, Mr. Darrell from the first. You understand now, my dear young Sir?"

"Yes, a little; but I should like very much to know where those fine Haughton estates are now?"

"Where they are now? I can't say. They were once in Middlesex. Probably much of the land, as it was sold piecemeal, fell into small allotments, constantly changing hands. But the last relics of the property were, I know, bought on speculation by Cox the distiller; for, when we were in London, by Mr. Darrell's desire I went to look after them, and inquire if they could be repurchased. And I found that so rapid in a few years has been the prosperity of this great commercial country, that if one did buy them back, one would buy twelve villas, several streets, two squares, and a paragon! But as that symptom of national advancement, though a proud thought in itself, may not have any pleasing interest for you, I return to the Darrells. From the time in which the Haughton estate had parted from them, they settled back in their old house of Fawley. But they could never again hold up their heads with the noblemen and great squires in the county. As much as they could do to live at all upon the little patrimony; still the reminiscence of what they had been made them maintain it jealously, and entail it rigidly. The eldest son would never have thought of any profession or business; the younger sons generally became soldiers, and being always a venturesome race, and having nothing particular to make them value their existence, were no less generally killed off betimes. The family became thoroughly obscure, slipped out of place in the county, seldom rose to be even justices of the peace, never contrived to marry heiresses again, but only the daughters of some neighboring parson or squire as poor as themselves, but always of gentle blood. Oh, they were as proud as Spaniards in that respect. So from father to son, each generation grew obscurer and poorer; for, entail the estate as they might, still some settlements on it were necessary, and no settlements were ever brought into it; and thus entails were cut off to admit some new mortgage, till the rent-roll was somewhat less than £300 a year when Mr. Darrell's father came into possession. Yet somehow or other he got to college, where no Darrell had been since the time of the Glorious Revolution, and was a learned man and an antiquary—A GREAT ANTIQUARY! You may have read his works. I know there is one copy of them in the British Museum, and there is another here, but that copy Mr. Darrell keeps under lock and key."

"I am ashamed to say I don't even know the titles of those works."

"There were 'Popular Ballads on the Wars of the Roses;' 'Darrelliana,' consisting of traditional and other memorials of the Darrell family; 'Inquiry into the Origin of Legends connected with Dragons;' 'Hours among Monumental Brasses,' and other ingenious lucubrations above the taste of the vulgar; some of them were even read at the Royal Society of Antiquaries. They cost much to print and publish. But I have heard my father, who was his bailiff, say that he was a pleasant man, and was fond of reciting old scraps of poetry, which he did with great energy; indeed, Mr. Darrell declares that it was the noticing, in his father's animated and felicitous elocution, the effects that voice, look, and delivery can give to words, which made Mr. Darrell himself the fine speaker that he is. But I can only recollect the Antiquary as a very majestic gentleman, with a long pigtail—awful, rather, not so much so as his son, but still awful—and so sad-looking; you would not have recovered your spirits for a week if you had seen him, especially when the old house wanted repairs, and he was thinking how he could pay for them!"

"Was Mr. Darrell, the present one, an only child?"

"Yes, and much with his father, whom he loved most dearly, and to this day he sighs if he has to mention his father's name! He has old Mr. Darrell's portrait over the chimney-piece in his own reading-room; and he had it in his own library in Carlton Gardens. Our Mr. Darrell's mother was very pretty, even as I remember her; she died when he was about ten years old. And she too was a relation of yours—a Haughton by blood; but perhaps you will be ashamed of her, when I say she was a governess in a rich mercantile family. She had been left an orphan. I believe old Mr. Darrell (not that he was old then) married her because the Haughtons could or would do nothing for her, and because she was much snubbed and put upon, as I am told governesses usually are—married her because, poor as he was, he was still the head of both families, and bound to do what he could for decayed scions! The first governess a Darrell ever married, but no true Darrell would have called *that* a *mesalliance*, since she was still a Haughton, and 'Fors non mutat genus,' Chance does not change race."

"But how comes it that the Haughtons—my grandfather Haughton, I suppose, would do nothing for his own kinswoman?"

"It was not your grandfather, Robert Haughton, who was a generous man—he was then a mere youngster, hiding himself for debt—but your great-grandfather, who was a hard man, and on the turf. He never had money to give—only money for betting. He left the Haughton estates sadly dipped. But when Robert succeeded, he came forward, was godfather to our Mr. Darrell, insisted on sharing the expense of sending him to Eton, where he became greatly distinguished; thence to Oxford, where he increased his reputation; and would probably have done more for him, only Mr. Darrell, once his foot on the ladder, wanted no help to climb to the top."

"Then my grandfather, Robert, still had the Haughton estates? Their last relics had not been yet transmuted by Mr. Cox into squares and a paragon?"

"No; the grand old mansion, though much dilapidated, with its park, though stripped of salable timber, was still left, with a rental from farms that still appertained to the residence, which would have sufficed a prudent man for the luxuries of life, and allowed a reserve fund to clear off the mortgages gradually. Abstinence and self-denial for one or two generations would have made a property, daily rising in value as the metropolis advanced to its outskirts, a princely estate for a third. But Robert Haughton, though not on the turf, had a grand way of living; and while Guy Darrell went into the law to make a small patrimony a large fortune, your father, my dear young Sir, was put into the Guards to reduce a large patrimony—into Mr. Cox's distillery."

Lionel colored, but remained silent.

Fairthorn, who was as unconscious, in his zest of narrator, that he was giving pain as an entomologist, in his zest for collecting, when he pins a live moth into his cabinet, resumed: "Your father and Guy Darrell were warm friends as boys and youths. Guy was the elder of the two, and Charlie Haughton (I beg your pardon, he was always called Charlie) looked up to him as to an elder brother. Many's the scrape Guy got him out of; and many a pound, I believe, when Guy had some funds of his own, did Guy lend to Charlie."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Lionel, sharply.

Fairthorn looked frightened. "I'm afraid I have made a blunder. Don't tell Mr. Darrell."

"Certainly not; I promise. But how came my father to need this aid, and how came they at last to quarrel?"

"Your father, Charlie, became a gay young man about town, and very much the fashion. He was like you in person, only his forehead was lower and his eye not so steady. Mr. Darrell studied the law in Chambers. When Robert Haughton died, what with his debts, what with his father's, and what with Charlie's post-obits and I O U's, there seemed small chance indeed of saving the estate to the Haughtons. But then Mr. Darrell looked close into matters, and with such skill did he settle them that he removed the fear of foreclosure; and what with increasing the rental here and there, and replacing old mortgages by new at less interest, he contrived to extract from the property an income of nine hundred pounds a year to Charlie (three times the income Darrell had inherited himself), where before it had seemed that the debts were more than the assets. Foreseeing how much the land would rise in value, he then earnestly implored Charlie (who unluckily had the estate in fee-simple, as Mr. Darrell has this, to sell if he pleased), to live on his income, and in a few years a part of the property might be sold for building purposes, on terms that would save all the rest, with the old house in which Darrells and Haughtons both had once reared generations. Charlie promised, I know, and I've no doubt, my dear young Sir, quite sincerely—but all men are not granite! He took to gambling, incurred debts of honor, sold the farms one by one, resorted to usurers, and one night, after playing six hours at picquet, nothing was left for him but to sell all that remained to Mr. Cox the distiller, unknown to Mr. Darrell, who was then married himself, working hard, and living quite out of the news of the fashionable world. Then Charlie Haughton sold out of the Guards, spent what he got for his commission, went into the line; and finally, in a country town, in which I don't think he was quartered, but having gone there on some sporting speculation, was unwillingly detained—married—"

"My mother!" said Lionel, haughtily; "and the best of women she is. What then?"

"Nothing, my dear young Sir—nothing, except that Mr. Darrell never forgave it. He has his prejudices; this marriage shocked one of them."

"Prejudice against my poor mother! I always supposed so! I wonder why? The most simple-hearted, inoffensive, affectionate woman."

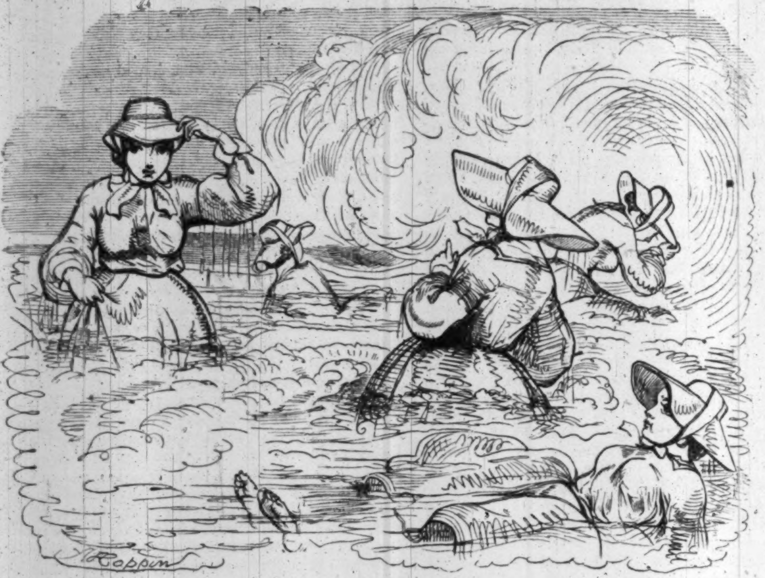
"I have not a doubt of it; but it is beginning to rain. Let us go home. I should like some luncheon; it breaks the day."

"Tell me first why Mr. Darrell has a prejudice against my mother. I don't think that he has even seen her. Unaccountable caprice! Shocked him, too—what a word! Tell me—I beg—I insist."

"But you know," said Fairthorn, half piteously, half snappishly, "that Mrs. Haughton was the daughter of a linen-draper, and her father's money got Charlie out of the county jail; and Mr. Darrell said, 'Sold even your name!' My father heard him say it in the hall at Fawley. Mr. Darrell was there during a long vacation, and your father came to see him. Your father fired up, and they never saw each other, I believe, again."

Lionel remained still as if thunder-stricken. Something in his mother's language and manner had at times made him suspect that she was not so well born as his father. But it was not the discovery that she was a tradesman's daughter that galled him; it was the thought that his father was bought for the altar out of the county jail! It was those cutting words, "Sold even your name!" His face, before very crimson, became livid; his head sunk on his breast. He walked toward the old gloomy house by Fairthorn's side, as one who, for the first time in life, feels on his heart the leaden weight of an hereditary shame.

SALT-WATER BATHING.



A QUIET PARTY OF LADIES.

BOYS BATHING.

"MY compliments to Mrs. Flum, and I am waiting to bathe with her."

"Mrs. Flum's compliments to you, Sir, and as soon as the Miss Flums have got their bathing-dresses on they will be quite at your service. They would have been ready before this, but they were detained by their hoops."

God bless me! how civilization marches! Think of a pious, respectable, elderly gentleman (forty-five if he's a day), calmly proposing to dip into the water in company with a respectable lady of forty and her two daughters, both marriageable! What if the wave tips them over? Shall the pious, respectable, elderly gentleman pick them up? He might as well grasp a South Sea Islander in the Paradisaical fig-leaf, or dash into a lady's bedroom and tear her from her virginal sleep.

They wear bathing-dresses. True. The late Andersson (who, poor fellow! killed so many lions that they made up a party at last and ate him up in self-defense), visited a tribe where the young ladies dressed themselves to receive company in anklets and bracelets—nothing more; while the married women, with modesty becoming their station, wore necklaces as well. Do you think our fair bathers—after the plunge—are a *very* long way ahead of these simple Africans in respect of costume?

When my neighbor, Mrs. Berryman, goes down to bathe with her charming and well-bred family, it affords me the greatest pleasure to lurk in the bushes on the top of the hill and observe that admirable woman performing this important maternal duty. My godson, Arthur, she carries in her arms; George, ætat four, she leads by the hand; while William, who is six, and quite a man, walks boldly by his mother's side, holding her dress, as he says, "to pull her on." I have seen that excellent woman, with gentle firmness, combat the timidity of my friend George, in a manner both motherly and dextrous; resisting the entreaties he gasped out as the water rose, and watching her opportunity, till, with a mild twist of the wrist, she ducked him under the wave, and consoled him in a bosom that really—to a man of average taste—seemed no mean reward for so slight an investment. And when her maternal duties were over, and gathering her children around her (I would say hen-fashion, did not the phrase imply disrespect to a lady I venerate), that charming woman sat meekly down on the beach, awaiting the ruthless wave as I know she would await the storm of adversity; when it swept over her, and she rose, wet, but calm, wringing the water out of a stray lock of her long brown hair, and led the way to the bathing-house—I give you my honor I have thought that woman a perfect angel, and felt almost inclined to tear down the hill and embrace her.

A FAMILY GROUP.

It happened once—only once, I assure you—that, sitting on that hill, smoking an idle cigar, I was disturbed by a splashing in the water. (My hill, I ought perhaps to have told you before, overlooks a very favorite bathing-place, which, for obvious reasons, I will not mention here.) I looked down. I beheld various singular objects. Very singular. Bolsters tied in the middle, with hats on the upper end? or gigantic eels, strangled near the throat? or plethoric casks, draped in flannel? I soon exhausted my stock of similes, and resolved they were fat Dutchwomen. As it is well known that Dutchwomen of the true stamp rather enjoy company under such circumstances, I descended my hill about half-way, and took up a favorable post for inspection. Gemini! They were lovely young girls of the true Anglo-Saxon type. One of them had a shovel hat, which I suspect she had stolen from her father; others wore sun-bonnets. I saw—upon my word, I saw the rosy toes of a sweet young creature (I hope she will forgive me if she reads this—they were very pretty of their kind) who was trying to float, and who seemed incapable of reconciling the evolution with the rebellious movements of her bathing-skirt, which insisted on floating on its own hook three inches above the water. Need I add that I pulled my hat over my eyes, and tore up the hill, and thence home?

This bathing should be made a national institution. My friend Smith, who will be the next Attorney-General of the United States if a certain party becomes President, doubts whether Congress can constitutionally make it imperative on citizens and citizenesses to bathe. Then the State Legislatures should do it.

When I take my aunt for a sail to Staten Island or up the Sound, and we see on the wharves little lean boys, in the costume of our first parents, taking "headers" off the wharves as we pass, or splashing each other in the cool beach-water, that virtuous woman withdraws from the steamer's side with an indignant flourish of her skirt, and requires me to conduct her to some part of the vessel where modesty shall not be outraged; and I think, too, that when Mayor Wood and General Nye have quite made up their quarrel, and have time to bestow on frivolities like the business of the police, it will be well to impose drawers on these juvenile bathers, or to direct them to a more retired spot for their aquarian diversions. I submit to the former—being a strong partisan of his—that a message to the Common Council for a public bathing establishment, at say one cent a head—being merely an inclosure in

GRAND BATHING SCENE AT NEWPORT.

the Hudson or the East River—would be a salutary and popular measure. Such an establishment would be more useful than a college—on the modern plan.

The Newport scheme of bathing—the line, fireman fashion, holding hands, and waiting for the surf-wave—is exciting and droll. I tried it once, but had a mamma on one side (a mamma of forty-seven), and her daughter (nine, alas!) on the other. The former squeezed my hand to such an extent that I was agonized by the belief that in her weak old age my personal appearance might have unduly impressed her; the latter—poor little creature!—wound herself round one of my legs, and clung to it with such force that I had to walk ashore to get her off. But more fortunate men have stood the briny shock calmly and stoutly, holding in each hand sweet little fingers, and conscious that the force of the surf might force them at any moment to clasp the tiniest little waist, and support some graceful bending form: such men—laughing at the terrors of the deep—have advanced boldly to mid-waist, and have suffered—in the company aforesaid—the most terrible overthrows, shipped a large quantity of water, and encountered the most amazing difficulties in regaining their footing, yet have laid no claim to public sympathy on the ground of their misfortunes. Brave fellows! A just Providence rewards them according to their merits.

In France—where every thing is ordered better than elsewhere—boys are obliged by the laws of Public Instruction to learn to swim. This would be a good rule to steal. At the *colléges* in France, which answer to our schools, the boys, and the professors too, think rather more of swimming and diving than of Greek or prosody. But the French ladies are not great bathers. At Dieppe, Boulogne, Lyons, and one or two other Channel ports, you do occasionally see pretty faces dripping with salt water, and woolen skirts clinging to seductive forms. But we are ahead of the French as to our lady bathers. Here every woman who knows what is right and fashionable, dips into the sea a few times a year; and nobody knows how many wet feet, late nights, unwholesome food, tight laces, and lazy weeks, the blessed habit counteracts. Bless them for the little sense they show! When we are all wise every body will bathe once a day from June to October.

BAG AND BAGGAGE.

"The extravagance of the women of these days is beyond all precedent!" exclaimed Jones the other evening, as walking into Mrs. J.'s "boudoir" to say "How d'you do?" in his old-fashioned way, he ran against what he at first thought to be a new partition wall, but which proved to be only a Saratoga trunk.

Jones's remark was not remarkable for originality, but it was delivered with so much unction that one might easily see he meant to make the sentiment his own, whoever might rightfully own it.

Those who knew Jones—and Mrs. J.—would scarce have supposed old J. hardy enough to speak in this tone in his own house. But the fact is, he had only the day before given his reluctant consent to the family (Mrs. J. and Arabella Maria, that is) going to Saratoga; or rather, he had promised to foot the bills these females would create on their "flying trip," as they called it. And so, having gained their great point, Mrs. J. and Arabella Maria could afford to be gracious to the old gentleman.

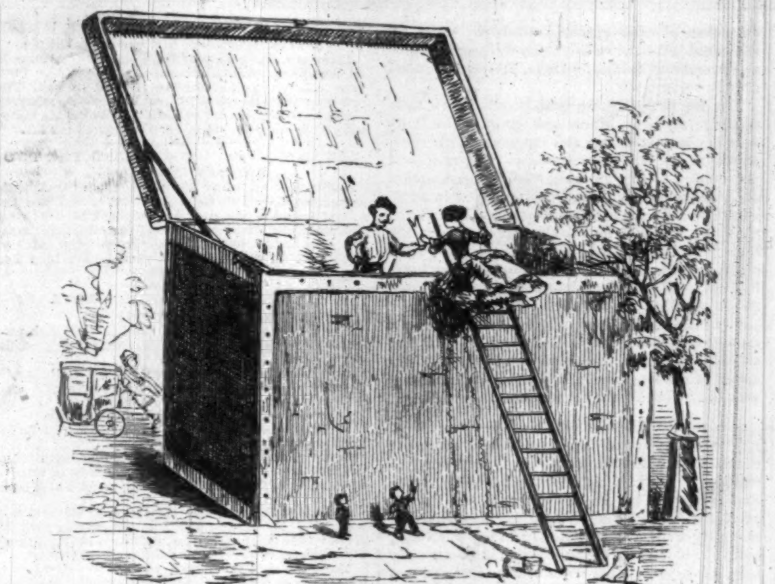
"Such extravagance! Surely no age was ever so wasteful, no women so exorbitant in their de-

START FOR A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

mands as ours!" he sententiously grumbled, with a rather nervous assumption of bravery, seeing Mrs J. emerging from behind the trunk.

It was an unfortunate remark for Mr. Jones.

Mrs. J. and Arabella Maria had been all day deep in the mysteries of packing—and that these



FUTURE STYLE OF SARATOGA TRUNK.

mysteries *are* deep we call our artist to witness, who has provided us with accurate representations of the Jones "luggage." "Miss Bell Jones," as she writes herself, is a "historical lady." By which the reader will please understand that she reads historical novels, and of course knows all about history.

I said Jones's remark was unfortunate.

THE FAMILY PACKING FOR THE COUNTRY.

"Unprecedented, is it, papa?" inquired a sweet and silvery voice, coming, Jones could not tell for the moment where from, and presently a head, all bristling with short, springy curls (historical young ladies mostly affect curls, you will have observed), appeared above the edge of the trunk. Its owner had been at the trunk's bottom, packing. "Unprecedented? Let me see. I don't think so."

Jones knew he was in for it. Admirable man! He gently took a chair, and seated himself opposite the trunk, while the curls began:

NEW TRUNK FOR HOOPS.

"You gentlemen, who spend your days in the sordid employment of accumulating filthy lucre, are sadly ignorant. A very little time devoted to useful reading would enlighten you sufficiently to make you pleasant members of society, and would put a stop to such unwarrantable remarks as your last, my dear, good papa. Let me read to you, for instance"—and this young woman actually took from a book-shelf in one end of the trunk a "Chronicle of English fashions for the past three centuries"—"let me read to you from an authentic historical volume a letter from Lady Compton to her husband, William, Lord Compton (of James the First's reign), afterward created Earl of Northumberland. You will see what a lady in those days found necessary for her comfort. She says:

"'My sweet life, now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2600 quarterly to be paid. Also, I would besides have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle. Also two coaches for myself, and two for my attendant serving-women. Also, I would have carriages befitting my servants when I travel'"—

"Dear, prudent woman!" muttered Mrs. Jones, who congratulates herself on making all her servants comfortable.

"'And my desire is,' read Miss Bell, 'that you defray all the charges for me. For myself, besides annual allowance, I would have 20 gowns of apparel—12 of the best, and 8 for the country. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000 pounds. Also, I would have 6000 pounds to buy me jewels, and 4000 pounds to buy me a pearl necklace. And now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants—men and women—their wages.

"'Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts,'—you see, papa, what a beautiful concern she shows for her husband's honor—'and purchase lands, and lend no money to your needy friends, who would take even all from you. .... So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me two thousand pounds more than I now desire, and double attendance.'"

Jones looked stupefied. Mrs. J. admired her daughter in silence. The curls wagged triumphantly, and continued—this time extemporizing, "Why, papa, when good Queen Bess—bless her heart—changed her residence for the summer, twenty-four thousand horses were needed to convey her luggage. And here you grumble at eighteen small trunks!"—raising the curls as high as possible above the edge of her improvised pulpit—"and did not that charming Mr. Marvel say that every American woman is a queen in her own right? You complain of our hoops, and say that we shall have to have larger carriages—just as though the carriages of the present day were not remarkably small—just as though we poor women of this century were the first to wear hoops! Did you know, oh, *mon père*, that when Rabillac assassinated Henry IV. he was sitting in a carriage so large that seven of his immediate friends were within with his Majesty, and yet no one of them saw the blow given, so vast was the carriage? Did you know that in those days the ladies' coaches were more like houses upon rollers than aught else—that the gentlemen in attendance used to have stools or seats provided for them at the entrance of these movable houses—that people in our station in society would have thought themselves disgraced to drive out with less than four horses, instead of the modest span of bays which content poor mamma and me?

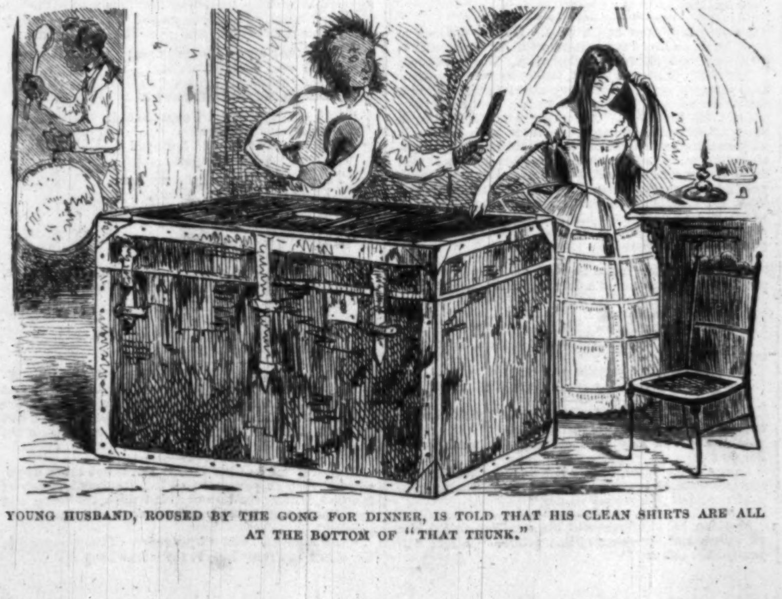
"And as for hoops, will you declare there is no precedent for far greater extravagance than ours, when I tell you that, in 1707, hoops had attained such enormous proportions as to become a source of alarm to the satirists and custom-house officers? Is it not written, in one of the charming periodicals of those days, that 'for the service of ladies wearing hoops, one William Jingle, coach-maker, has built a round chair, in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it, the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated?' Also that said Jingle invented another coach, into which the lady was admitted from the top, and that said coach was tried by a lady's woman, in one of those hoop petticoats, who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her? Although," said Miss Bell, *sotto voce*, "I think, privately, that is rather a tough yarn!

"Did not Pope write—

"'To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat;
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale?'

A BACHELOR AND HIS LUGGAGE.

"As for our toilet necessities, you may read in the papers of January, 1710, an advertisement by a lady whose maid ran away, taking with her some of the *récherché* articles of her mistress's wardrobe, among which are specified, 'four pairs of silk stockings, curiously darned; three pairs of fashionable



YOUNG HUSBAND, ROUSED BY THE GONG FOR DINNER, IS TOLD THAT HIS CLEAN SHIRTS ARE ALL AT THE BOTTOM OF "THAT TRUNK."

REMARKABLE CONVENIENCE OF THE NEW TRUNK; YOU MAY TURN IT ON END AND DINE IN IT.

eyebrows; two sets of ivory teeth, and one set of box, for common use; and two pairs of *hips*, of the newest fashion.'

"A writer in 1745 speaks of 'a young girl of seventeen taking up the whole side of a street with her hollow, standing petticoat; and of another young lady, who, after having received the Sacrament, walked down the middle aisle of the church, one corner of her petticoat touching the pews on the right hand, the other those on the left!'"

Jones. "That they do now."

Mrs. J. "Only in those old-fashioned churches, where the aisles are too narrow, my dear."

Miss Bell. "And now, as to the 'watering-place folly,' as you call it, I think we are not only much more sensible in these days, but also much more enjoyable. In 1728, Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes from Bath, then the most fashionable of English watering-places: 'I should be glad to send you some news, but all the news of the place would be like the bills of mortality—palsy, four; gout, six; fever, one, etc. We hear of nothing but Mr. Such-a-one is not abroad to-day. "Oh no," says another, "poor gentleman! He died yesterday." Then another cries, "My party was made for a quadrille to-night, but one of the gentlemen has had a second stroke of the palsy, and can not come out." There is no variety. Indeed, the only thing one can do to-day we did not do the day before is to die—not that I would be hurried, by a love of variety and novelty, to do so irreparable a thing as dying.'

"And again, in 1740, 'the Dowager Duchess of —— bathes, and being very tall, had nearly drowned a few women in the Cross Bath; for she ordered it to be filled till it reached her chin, and so all those who were below her stature and rank were forced to come out or drown.'

"They were a coarse set in those days. Look at the life of the man of fashion of the last century. From ten to twelve in the morning this gentleman received visits in bed, where he lay in state, his periwig, superbly powdered, lying beside him on the sheets, while his dressing-table was sprinkled with a few volumes of love-poetry, a canister or two of Spanish or Lisbon snuff, a smelling-bottle, and sundry fashionable trinkets. At twelve he rose, to finish the business of the toilet by three o'clock. In this complicated process he perfumed his clothes —soaked his hands in washes to make them white and delicate—tinged his cheeks with carminative, to give them the gentle blush which nature denied—arranged, perhaps, a few patches upon his face, to produce the effect of moles and dimples—dipped his handkerchief in rose-water, and powdered his linen, to banish from it the smell of soap. The tying of his cravat was also a weighty operation, requiring much time, practice, and judgment. And when finally ready, he sallied forth to be impertinent to the ladies—at theatre, opera, or ball.

"I think you will acknowledge, my dear father," said Miss Arabella, amiably, "that the simple habits of the ladies of our days deserve commendation instead of reproach, and that rather than complain of our few follies, you should feel thankful that we refrain from the many of which our sex has shown itself capable. Don't complain, therefore, of our eighteen trunks—one of which, by-the-way, mamma proposes to have packed upon the sidewalk, so that you will not be bothered with it in the house."

Jones. "If you would only turn these extravagances to some use! For instance, you could so easily turn your largest trunk on end, and fit it up as a temporary saloon, wherein to receive your numerous admirers. Your mother's crinoline, properly placed upon a few boards, would make an excellent sleeping-tent. By a skillful arrangement of your eighteen trunks, you might form a full suite of apartments, greatly superior to the cramped accommodations of a fashionable watering-place hotel.

"And now," continued Jones, with an air of resignation, "take care that little Minnie does not fall into this trunk and break her bones. Take away the ladder when you leave the room; and if you get a fall yourselves, don't say I did not give you warning."

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Florence, *July*, 1857.

INCIDENTS OF THE LATE REVOLUTION.

Messrs. Editors,—Some incidents in the late sad attempt at a revolution in Tuscany, not likely to find their way into the public papers, may interest your readers.

A large English fleet, consisting of five line-of-battle ships and five frigates, under Admiral Lyons, had arrived unexpectedly at Leghorn, and it was under the excitement created by their presence that Mazzini let loose his assassins upon the soldiery. They were, as you know, speedily put down, with a loss on both sides of about fifty killed, besides many wounded. Eight of the insurgents fled into a house occupied by some lady acquaintances of mine, there barricaded themselves, and attempted to escape by the roof; but the soldiery, having got in through a lower window, massacred three of them on the stairs, and shot the other five in the street. As the troops exercised unnecessary cruelty in the suppression of this attempt at revolution, the people are much exasperated, and it is feared assassinations of the most obnoxious will occur from time to time. The Pope is expected in Florence next month. Another attempt will, it is supposed, be then made, if not to overthrow the present Government, to get up a hostile demonstration.

Mazzini passed some time in Florence, disguised as one of the brotherhood of the "Angeli" monks. In their white habit he had the coolness to apply for hospitality at the convent of Santa Maria Novella, in which he passed a night, and *after* his departure took care to let the good fathers know what sort of an "angel" they had unawares entertained.

Florence is still in a critical state. But a few days since placards appeared on the city walls, no one could tell how, calling upon the people to rise and overthrow the Grand-Duke. Arrests are constantly being made.

The Royal family are greatly afflicted in their domestic circle by illness and death. The Dowager-Duchess is dying, and the young Princess—scarce out of her honeymoon, and pregnant—is pronounced fatally attacked with a consumption of the intestines, which will carry her off in a few months. The Arch-Duchess—the poor, afflicted "gobba" or humpback, as she was with such bad taste familiarly called—has recently died, aged sixty. She had grown so deformed that her heart had not room to perform its functions, and as erect as she could be, her right hand *touched* the floor.

It is the custom here, when death comes to a family, for all to leave the house. The court fled at once to Leghorn; but the Grand-Duchess, in defiance of custom, kindly insisted upon remaining with the "gobba" until she expired.

HORRIBLE FUNERAL RITES.

The burial-rites of the Arch-Duchess were most extraordinary and shocking. It is customary to embalm the royal dead, that their bodies may be exposed to the public on the day of the funeral procession. The "gobba" was so terribly deformed that they were obliged to *cut her into several pieces*, and then bind them together anew, in order to *lay her out straight!* Two ladies of the court and two of the Guard of Young Nobles were required to be present at this mutilation and exposure of the poor corpse. They then dressed it in full ball toilet, put in glass eyes, stuffed out the cheeks, painted the face so thick with flesh colors that it resembled a mask, and in this condition kept it lying in state four days and nights, with a continuous succession of masses in a "*chapelle ardente*," and attended constantly by four ladies of honor, in deep mourning and closely vailed. On the fifth day the corpse was exposed in a magnificent funeral-car, draped in black velvet, and with immense black plumes waving from a lofty canopy adorned with garlands of white flowers, to signify that the Princess died a virgin. Her private crucifix and her *own heart*, put in a silver casket, were placed on her breast. In this state the remains of this poor lady were paraded through the streets, surrounded and followed by innumerable torch-bearers, and escorted by the military, to the sound of dirges, attracting the callous and satirical remarks of the crowd, not upon her reputation, for she was greatly respected, but upon the obstinacy of the Grand-Duke in insisting, against the wishes of the deceased, upon the literal fulfillment of every item of the heathenish etiquette royally made and provided on such occasions by his family. At last the hacked remains of the pious and kind old woman found a resting-place in the vaults of San Lorenzo Church. What makes the ceremony worse is that before she died, it is said, she had exacted a promise from the Dowager-Duchess to be protected from this barbarous show; but the Grand-Duke willed otherwise.

Although with suitable appointments to her rank, and a monthly pension of $550, she died in debt, having bestowed her all in charity. All classes loved and respected her, and she had even exercised a good influence over the Grand-Duke, to prevent the ascendency of the Jesuits, and to ward off the Concordat which the Pope was seeking to impose upon Tuscany, by which all the power and care of education and control of the press would be given to the priests.

The Countess Ferrari, whose beautiful face and brilliant equipages have been so greatly admired by our countrymen and women at the Cascine, has also recently died. Four hundred masses were said for her in one day at San Lorenzo, and the funeral was of the most costly and aristocratic description. The Count has left Florence, leaving orders for his costly establishment to be sold.

Cicerone.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure,"
Says Martin F. Tupper's "proverbial" measure;
But Tupper is wrong, as the Bond Street Burdell,
If put to the test, will reluctantly tell.

Rich Uncle. "Now, Charles, I told you that if you ever came home drunk again, I would cut you off with a shilling; so clear out, I want nothing more to do with you."

Charles (*very drunk*). "Very well, old covy, just let us have the shilling now, and we'll (*hic*) go and take a drink."

Mr. Gowans has been among books from his boyhood. He knows when to attend an auction, and what to buy. Many an Irish retort has he dealt to Keese the auctioneer, who does not every day meet such a match as Gowans, nor always suffer even then. When Keese was once selling prayer-books, Mr. G., who sat somewhat back in the company, wishing to "put upon" the rattling auctioneer slightly, interrupted the rapid vocalization with —"Are they in English?" As quick as gunpowder Keese replied—"Of course they are; *do you suppose a man is going to pray in Irish?*"

THOUGHTS FOR ANY WEATHER.

(*Taken principally on the Shady Side of Life.*)

All is sugar to the vain, even the praise of fools.

The Man of Honor makes no vow, but acts as if he had made one.

To the Epicure "living well" means "good living."

Shame of Poverty is almost as bad as Pride of Wealth.

A man must feel his own strength before he can make an impression with it upon others.

Envy is a glutton that is never at a loss for a meal, and a glutton, too, that let it feed as grossly as it will, is sure to leave off with an appetite, and ready to begin again.

One may show tremendous courage for another, and yet be a great coward for one's self—as you will frequently see a man put his name to a bill for a friend, who would not, on any consideration, do it for himself.

If men would take as much care of their characters as they do of their clothes, they would show fewer stains, nor would there, probably, be so many holes picked in them.

Vanity is mental dram-drinking.

When parents spoil their children, it is less to please them than to please themselves. It is the egotism of parental love.

TUMID THINGS.

Crinolines appear to have been so generally adopted by the ladies with a view of acquiring the title, hitherto engrossed by dandies of the stronger sex, of Extensive Swells.

A VERY PRETTY SENTIMENT.

(*For which we expect no end of pretty presents.*)

Between a Man's Love and a Woman's Love there is all the difference between lending and giving. With woman, Love is a gift—with man, it is only a loan. The loan is for the moment, or for that particular evening, or it may be for six months, or perhaps as long as six years; but with woman, the gift is one that lasts all her life.

THE THING THAT SHOULD BIND THE TWO NATIONS TOGETHER.

Frederick Peel, when he was taken to the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company's Office, and saw the miles upon miles of iron-wire cable, shook his head most ominously, and a tear was observed to steal into his manly eye, as he said, in a tone of the deepest despondency, "Ah! ah! A sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"

PUPPYISMS FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

By One who is extremely Cool.

The Future is the Land of Promise to all such poor devils as prisoners, exiles, bill-holders, paupers, creditors, heirs, and lovers.

Stupidity must be contagious, for if you notice, a witty fellow is always less happy in the company of fools.

Love is a heart-complaint, of which the cure, by Jove! is frequently more painful than the disease itself.

A Coquette only jilts herself when she marries the fellow she has promised to marry.

When you hear a drunken man vowing temperance, you may be sure his vows are written only in water—effervescing water, with a very strong proportion of brandy in it.

Ridicule is like mud—the chap must be clever indeed who, let all his ways be picked as gingerly as possible, doesn't come in for some small portion of it. Frequently those who try to avoid it the most, receive the most.

There are men whose elevation in life only tends to lower them in the social scale. Their rise is, seemingly, from the Pit only to the Gallery.

Love is such a beggar, that when you have given him all you have, he still goes on begging for more.

Too much zeal is suspicious. The man who cries "Stop Thief!" the loudest, not unfrequently turns out to be the thief himself.

We were traveling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house near the road-side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

"Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?"

"I don't know, Sir, but mother says ever since I was born."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, a few."

"How many?"

"Ten or 'leven, I reckon."

"Pretty healthy here, isn't it?"

"Yes—but sometimes we have a little ager."

"Any of you got it now?"

"Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this arternoon."

"How many?"

"Why, all on us, except sister Nance, and she's sich a cross critter the ager won't take on her: and if it did, she is so contrary, she wouldn't shake no how ye could fix it."

Down east there resides a certain M.D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked—

"Who's there?"

"Friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table. At length his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand the plate to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming, in a loud voice, "Button-holes on both sides, massa!" handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

A man tried in Boston for stealing a horse and wagon, being called upon to speak for himself, said:

"I have nothing to say in particular. The fact is, when I get half or two-thirds drunk, I think every thing belongs to me."

Whereupon the Boston *Post* makes this parenthesis:

"There are some very sober people who act as if they think just as Joe does when he is drunk."

A gentleman wanting a pair of boots made went to a German friend in that line of business and was measured. He called in a few days for his boots, but the shoemaker said his wife was very sick, and he must wait a little longer. Again he called, but the poor fellow's wife had just been buried, and in his overwhelming grief he could not think of making boots that week—wait a little longer. Finally, two weeks after the poor shoemaker's bereavement, the gentleman called again, thinking that his boots must certainly be done by that time. "Well, my good friend, are my boots done yet?" "No, they bes not ton; my wife tie, and I have ton nothing but take care of de babies all de time. But," continued he, brightening up, "I bes going to be married to-morrow night—den de first ting vat I make is ter boots."

Mr. Choate was arguing a case before a full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, when he, wishing to compliment Judge Shaw, exclaimed,

"When I look upon the venerable Chief Justice, I am like the Hindoo before his idol—I know that he is ugly, but I feel that he is very great."

A young lady once had a beau. He was anxious to enjoy some private conversation with his charmer, but there were two children in the room. The gentleman looked to see them sent to bed, but he was disappointed. The youngest child, a little boy about three years old, slept with the young lady, and had no idea of retiring without his bedfellow. Stretching his chubby length upon the carpet, he watched the twain with resolutely wide-awake eyes until the bell rung for nine, when, his patience becoming exhausted, he raised his head, and said to the visitor, "Nine o'clock is bedtime. Don't you think your mother wants you now?" The mingling of embarrassment, vexation, and mirth produced by this hint, which was as good as a kick, was curious to behold. Sonny was sent to bed alone after that, and the young gentleman had a chance to "free his mind."

The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West:

Subgecks of Diskushion.

Is dansin morralie rong?

Is the reedin of fictishus wurks commendible?

Is it nesessary that femails shud reseave a thurray litterrary educashun?

Ort femails to taik parts in pollytix?

Duz dress constitute the moral parts of wimmin?

Pompy. "Now, Julius, I want to know if you's a-gwine to pay me dat ar tree cents you owes me?"

Julius. "You may take dis niggah's word for it, Pompy!"

Pompy. "No, Siree, I rader hab de tree cents dan any niggah's word, more specially yourn! so you'd better keep your word and give me my money."

Sheridan having threatened his son Tom to cut him off with a shilling, received this retort: "Where will you get the shilling?"

If all be true that we hear—we are sure we do not know—the weaker vessel must have the most to say in marital life. It is alleged (and here we want our lady readers to understand that we do not make the assertion ourselves)—it is alleged, we say, that married women, weaker vessels, as they are called, have, by far, the strongest lungs and the liveliest tongues known to the habitable globe. And in regard to this, we have many very amusing stories current, not the least refreshing of which is that of the elderly gentleman, who, while traveling in a stage-coach, was considerably tickled by a constant fire of words between two ladies. One at last kindly inquired if the conversation did not make his head ache? He replied: "No, madam; I have been married upward of twenty-eight years."

A lawyer having some legal business to transact with a widow lady, took occasion to inquire her age. The matron, who had long since doffed the "widow's weeds," attempted to look prim and much younger than she really was, as she replied:

"Thirty-five, Sir."

Then turning to the daughter, he said:

"May I be so bold, Miss, as to inquire your age?"

"Certainly; I am a little past thirty-two—most three years younger than mother!"

A Dutchman speaking of contrary matters, gave his observations thus, touching the rule of contraries:

"Some say that a hog is de contrariest ting in de world, but I say dat a chicken is: for de odder day I try to make one set; I make one nest and put some eggs in it; den I catch one chicken and puts him down on the eggs, he jump up agin; den I makes a leetle box and puts over him, and when I slips up and peeps in he was sittin' standin' up!"

Dutchman. "Coot moryer, Patrick, how you tuz?"

Irishman. "Good mornin' till ye, Diedrich. Think ye will we get any rain to-day?"

Dutchman. "I guess not—ve never has much rain in ferry try dime."

Irishman. "Faith, an' ye're right there, Diedrich, and thin, when it gits in the way o' rainin' niver a bit o' dhry wither will we get as long as the wet spell howlds."

In an "Essay on Woman," a writer remarks that "Beauties generally die old maids. They set such value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser till the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing on the "Woman Question," says: "I confess, in all sincerity, that I have never yet seen an ugly woman. This may appear paradoxical, and still it is the pure truth. I never find any woman entirely ugly. I enlarged upon this idea once before an audience of women. One who was extremely flat-nosed said to me: 'Sir, I defy you not to find me ugly.' 'You, madame,' I replied, 'are an angel fallen from heaven, only you have fallen on your nose.' Probably she did not believe me, and has maintained against the whole world that she is ugly."

On the morning of the meteoric showers in 1833, Old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door he saw, with amazement, the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come.

He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then, with a yell of horror, sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and here, in his efforts to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground and lofty tumbling that would have done honor to a rope-dancer. His wife, being awakened in the mean time, and seeing Old Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, called out to him to know what in the name o' sense he was doin' out thar, dancin' round without his clothes. But Peyton heard not; the judgment, and long back account he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife, by this time becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed, and running to the door, shrieked out at the top of her lungs,

"Peyton, I say, Peyton, what do you mean, jumpin' about out thar? Come in and put on your trowsers."

Old Peyton, whose fears had near overpowered him, faintly answered, as he fell sprawling on the earth,

"Trowsers, Peggy! what's the use o' trowsers when the world's afire?"

"When are you going to serve that turtle up into soup?" asked an alderman of a celebrated caterer in our neighborhood the other day.

"Some time next week, Sir," replied the restaurateur; "we commenced killing him yesterday."

Most animals can be cowed by looking them steadily in the eye. If attacked by a dog, bear, or any other beast of prey, seize him by the root of the tongue—if by an alligator, gouge out his eyes—a mad bull may be held by one horn, and grasping with the thumb and finger the middle gristle of his nostril—or he may be held fast to a post or sapling by his tail, if you can take a turn and belay.

"That is a tall hoss," said Laidlow. "Yes, I guess you can't account for it," replied Jonathan. "No how," said Laidlow. "He belongs to So-and-so, the livery man, and his tallness comes through his having been regularly higher'd (hired) every day for the last seven years."

To a fond mother, whose children were at the time making themselves disagreeable, a gentleman observed: "I have a decided preference for bad children, madam." "How strange—and, pray, for what reason?" said she. "Because *they are always sent out of the room.*"

The *Adrian Watch-tower* has been favored with a *poem* entitled "The Soul's Last Sight," which contains the history of a young lady who became enamored of a certain John Smith, who was faithful until he heard of a certain former Down-East flame living in "York State," when, it appears, he took the steamboat line to pay a yisit before yielding himself up to engagements. Lucy, cast down by this apparent desertion, thus gives vent to her grief:

"He's gone! across the sudzy see;
He's crost the lakey watter!
To sea Jerushey Anjyline,
Ben Smither's oldest dawter.

"Mi heart it is broak! I soon shall di,
Oh cruel cruel John!
And when I'm ded and berrayed
I hope you'll look upon

"The grass that grose upon my tume,
Down in the woods so dark,
Where all is sad and silent glume
And streeked skwirrels bark.

"And when your out at nite as late
As eleven o'clock or later,
And heer the wind whine through the tall topped pine,
Oh!!! think uv Lucy Baker.

"And ef ye marry that Jerushey
Yuve crost the laix to get,
Remember that your deeris Lucy
Died in konsekwence uv it."

A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and the forest, and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked with true and beautiful simplicity, "*The little chips are nearest the heart.*"

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down, when they took possession of the Episcopal palace at Norwich, 1791. He turned round upon the steps, and exclaimed, "Bless us, bless us! what a multitude of people!"

"Oh, my lord," said a by-stander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last, to see a man hanged!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, Aug.* 10, 1857.

The trade of this port last week compares as follows with the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 8, 1857	$5,078,992....	$1,127,279
Corresponding week, 1856	4,060,492....	1,282,994
Increase............	$1,018,500	
Decrease		$155,715

The export of specie is a trifle over a million and a half.

The Money Market is more active than it was last week. It is not expected in the street that the Banks will show over eleven millions, and exchange being very firm, specie may be expected to go abroad in pretty large lots; in apprehension of which the bankers seem disposed to operate with more caution. Prime paper is selling at 8 @ 9 per cent.

The Stock Market is slightly heavier; Erie, New York Central, Reading, and Cleveland are from 1 to 2 per cent. lower. Michigan Southern, which is said to have been freshly watered, is entirely in the hands of the "party" that was made up to buy it some time since, and sells at all prices from 45 to 53. For Railroad Bonds there is very little demand.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, August* 10, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited a little more vigor during the past week. Breadstuffs were less freely offered, and, as the demand was good, though chiefly for home use, prices favored factors. We now quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour, $6 40 @ $6 90; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 35 @ $6 65; low to choice extra Western do. $6 70 @ $10 50; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 00 @ $9 75; superfine to choice extra Canadian do. $6 50 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 45 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $5 75; Corn Meal, $4 10 for Jersey, and $4 30 @ $4 40 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat, $1 70 @ $1 95; Red Wheat $1 33 @ $1 80; Mixed Corn 85 @ 85½ c.; Rye $1 00 @ $1 05; Western Oats 65 @ 66 c.; State do. 63 @ 65 c.; Jersey do. 61 @ 64 c.; Southern do. 54 @ 58 c., per bushel. Barley and Barley Malt are dull and nominal. Cotton attracts more attention at higher and rising prices. Middling Uplands 15¾ @ 15½ c.; do. Gulfs, 15¾ @ 15½ c. per pound. Provisions are also more inquired for at firmer rates, with reduced supplies of the leading kinds available. We now quote: Mess Pork $24 30 @ $24 40; Prime Pork $19 50; Repacked Western Mess Beef $16 50 @ $17 50, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $29 00 @ $31 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $23 75 per barrel; Bacon 12 @ 14 c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 15¼ @ 15½ c.; New State Butter 17½ @ 25 c.; Cheese 6 @ 10 c. per pound. Groceries are unsettled, Coffee, Teas, and Molasses, especially the latter, being sparingly sought after at languid rates, while Sugars are in decidedly better demand at a shade higher prices. Other commodities show no really important change.

Freights were depressed, and rates were somewhat nominal. For Liverpool, Cotton, 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 3d. per bushel; Beef, 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 6d. per barrel; and heavy goods, 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. There were in this port on Saturday 764 vessels, including 33 steamers, 187 ships, 132 barks, 113 brigs, and 289 schooners.

The Live Stock Market was not so well supplied with Beeves last Wednesday, and as these were pretty briskly competed for, especially in view of the improved average quality of the cattle available, prices advanced about 1 c. per pound. The week's receipts, according to the returns from the principal markets, were 2598 Beeves, 203 Milch Cows, 729 Veal Calves, 11,818 Sheep and Lambs, and 613 Swine, against 3327 Beeves, 232 Milch Cows, 684 Veal Calves, 11,002 Sheep and Lambs, and 1611 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and New York. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 8½ c. for the poorest, to 13 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 10¼ @ 10½ c. per pound. The yards were cleared early in the day. A more extensive supply is looked for next week, though drovers think the recent agreement between the New York Central and the New York and Erie Railroad Companies, upon a uniform tariff for transporting Cattle, will operate against free receipts. Factors complained bitterly of this combination, and during the afternoon of last Wednesday a meeting was called for the purpose of remonstrating against such a union of the two roads. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were in light supply and moderate request. The range of prices was from $25 00 for common, to $70 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves continued in limited supply and demand at old rates, viz., 5 @ 7 c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were more abundant, and, though they were in good demand, they were a shade cheaper. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 00 @ $6 00 per head. Swine were scarce and saleable, 7½ @ 8 c. for live, and 9½ @ 10½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is well furnished with new fruit and vegetables, which are decreasing in price, and, consequently, attracting more attention from consumers. Eggs are plentier, while Butter and Cheese are less freely offered. The demand for these articles is fair. No important alteration is discernible in other commodities.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 50
Gooseberries, per bushel............	$2 50	@	$3 00
Raspberries, Antwerp, per 100 baskets	$5 00	@	$7 00
Blackberries, per bushel............	$3 00	@	$4 00
Whortleberries, per bushel	$2 75	@	$3 25
Pears, per barrel..................	$3 00	@	$3 50
Peaches, per basket................	$1 25	@	$1 50
Currants, per pound................	5	@	7
Potatoes, new, per barrel..........	$1 50	@	$4 00
" new, per bushel..........	50	@	75
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	$4 50	@	—
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per barrel	75	@	$1 25
Tomatoes, per basket	$1 50	@	—
Lettuce, per hundred	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per basket.............	37½	@	50
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	$20 00	@	$30 00
Beets, per 100 bunches,............	$2 50	@	$3 00
Cucumbers, per 100	40	@	55
Cabbages, per 100..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	21
" State, per pound	17½	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	16½	@	17½
Fowls, per pound...................	18	@	20
Live Fowls, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Ducks, Spring, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Geese, each........................	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen..........	$2 00	@	$2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	$2 75	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	9	@	13
Mutton, per pound	8	@	12
Lamb, per pound....................	11	@	13
Veal, per pound....................	9	@	11
Pork, per pound....................	9½	@	10½

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